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The dramatick writings of Will. Shakspere,

William Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson, George Steevens

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THE

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

OF

WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Nineteenth.

CONTAINING

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.
OTHELLO.

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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PREFACE to the QUARTO EDITION of this PLAY, 1609.

A never Writer, to an ever Reader. NEWES.

ETERNALL reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowd), but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuft in it. It

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deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

OBSER-

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

MR. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus* and *Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his first Triumph:* "Since *Lollius* and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose"); but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspere received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again in 1480: at Strasburgh 1486, and *ibidem* 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of

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of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspere's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of Troilus and Cressida." STEEVENS.

This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspere's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspere has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

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PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city
(Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan,
And Antenoridas) with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperrs up the sons of Troy.——
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,——
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.

Like,

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Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, HELENUS, ÆNEAS, PANDARUS, CALCHAS, ANTENOR, } *Trojans.*

MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, AJAX, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, THERSITES, } *Greeks.*

WOMEN.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*
ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*
CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*
CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

ALEXANDER, *Cressida's Servant.*
Boy, Page to Troilus.
Servant to Diomed.
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. PRIAM's *Palace.* *Enter* PANDARUS, *and* TROILUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

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Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan.

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Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but——

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,— 50
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:——O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense 60
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands. 70

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-

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thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Troi. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter CRESSIDA, *and* ALEXANDER *her Servant.*

Cre. Who were those went by?
Serv. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.
Cre. And whither go they?
Serv. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
Cre. What was his cause of anger?
Serv. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.
Cre. Good; And what of him?
Serv. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.
Cre. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.
Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their

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their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking. 161

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium? 170

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan.

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Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too. 183

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus. 190

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector. 200

Pan.

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Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess),—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as

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lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled; I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:——But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an

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an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs,* quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?*

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The forked one, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do. 299

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a Retreat.*

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest. 311

ÆNEAS *passes over the Stage.*

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

ANTENOR

ANTENOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever; and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is a' not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting; laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes

comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!——Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter

a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Enter Soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty;

beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*]: I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.——

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That

That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,——
Achievement is, command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *with others.*

Aga. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought

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That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so

Doth

Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, the thing of courage,
As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* AGAMEMNON.
And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,—
[*To* NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Aga. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

The

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The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb: The general's disdain'd

By

By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,

'Tis

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'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just.——*
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done;——as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:——and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head

In

In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Aga. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Aga.

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpets sound.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),

And

And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,

I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent ULYSSES, *and* NESTOR.

Ulyss. Nestor,—— 740

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to its maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all. 750

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As

Burney del.t Thornthwaite sculp.t

Mrs CUYLER in CRESSIDA.

And you this Glove. ——

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As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss.

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Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; What are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as' twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AJAX, *and* THERSITES.

Ajax.

THERSITES,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. And those boils did run!——Say so,—— did not the general run then; were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus? 23

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another. 31

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit. 41

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther.

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Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an assinego may tutor thee; Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou! 52

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?
How now Thersites? what's the matter, man? 60

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

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Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,——I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX *offers to strike him,* ACHILLES *interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil.

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Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,

Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Troy. PRIAM's *Palace.* *Enter* PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off.—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,

And

And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:

We

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*),
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas.

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Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Troi. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act

Such

Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as would offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape

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Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence

To

To their benummed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,——
As it is known she is,——these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.——
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. ACHILLES' *Tent.* *Enter* THERSITES.

How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver

deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther.

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou? 401

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool. 412

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.——It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here? 421

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther.

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Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all!

[*Exit.*

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*To* AGAMEMNON.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;
His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and you digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus;——
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak to him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,

Than

Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself,
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-write in an observing kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report——
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you. [*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself
A better man than I?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Aga. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant,

As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues
The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle; and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; Is it not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possest he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That,

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That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.——
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles! Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid!
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:—
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,——

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, 'Ill make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises: [*Aside.*
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To* AGAMEMNON.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio.

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Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man——But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
'Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—— 590
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor; and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain, 600
And give him half: and, for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. The Palace. Enter PANDARUS, *and a Servant,* [*Musick within.*]

Pandarus.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv.

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Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,——

Pan.

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Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS, *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. —But (marry) thus, my lord.——My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus——

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,——

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen?

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where sups he tonight?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

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Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These

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These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! Oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.* *Sound a Retreat.*

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Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PANDARUS' *Garden.* *Enter* PANDARUS, *and* TROILUS' *Man.*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan.

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Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I will bring her straight. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches

fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the files.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river; go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*——Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cre.

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Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi.

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Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:——

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre.

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Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever——Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much
But I might master it:——in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecrét to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:——
Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman
(As, if it can, I will presume in you),
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True

True swains in love shall, in the world come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similies, truth tir'd with iteration,——
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,——
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.——Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's

end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMED, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you;
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possest conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become

As

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exit* DIOMED, *and* CALCHAS.

Enter

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:——
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him;
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;——
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Aga. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga.

Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha!
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay; and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.——How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,——
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do no strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves——
That no man is the lord of any thing

(Though

(Though in and of him there is much consisting),
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me

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Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love,

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Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,——
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

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There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;

My

My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should

should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther.

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Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy. Enter at one Door ÆNEAS, *and Servant, with a Torch; at another,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMED, *&c. with Torches.*

Paris.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.——Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize:——Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.——
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you;

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Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She

She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PANDARUS' *House.* *Enter* TROILUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Troi. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cre. Good morrow then.
Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cre. Are you aweary of me?
Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cre. Night hath been too brief.
Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's

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Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.——

How earnestly they knock!——pray you, come in;
[*Knock.*
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:— What should he do here?

Æne. Who!——nay, then:——
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
Go.

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As PANDARUS *is going out, enter* TROILUS.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, *and* ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre.

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before PANDARUS' *House.* *Enter* PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DIOMEDES, *&c.*

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Troi. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.
[*Exit* TROILUS.
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

An Apartment in PANDARUS' *House.* *Enter* PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart,*—as the goodly saying is,—

——o heart, o heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.
Cre. Have the gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?
Troi. A hateful truth.
Cre. What, and from Troilus too?
Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.
Cre. Is it possible?
Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.
Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?
Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius

so Cries,

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!—
When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——
I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens!—be true, again.

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Troi. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then! 300
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discourse devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No. 310
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre.

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Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, *and* DIOMED.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For,

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

Exeunt TROILUS *and* CRESSID. *Sound Trumpet.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AJAX *arm'd*, AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *&c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.——
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:——Lady, by your leave.
Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give:
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men.

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Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[DIOMED *leads out* CRESSIDA.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojan's trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

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Enter HECTOR, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *&c. with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be done to him
That victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home:
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil.

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Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*

Aga. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!
Aga. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
[*Trumpets cease.*
Dio. You must no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:——
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:——
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewel.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
(As seld I have the chance), I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [*To* TROILUS.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That

That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time——
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

For

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?

That

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That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man!
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;——
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

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Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent TROILUS, *and* ULYSSES.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

ACHILLES' *Tent.* *Enter* ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Achilles.

I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.——
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of ideot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now? 11

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold

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palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banquetting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these

these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooting-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, —to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.———Hey-day! spirits, and fires! 68

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and* DIOMED, *with Lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter

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Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy; I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those
That go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. *and* MENEL.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company. [*To* TROILUS.

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will

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will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CALCHAS' *Tent.* *Enter* DIOMED.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. Who calls?
Dio. Diomed.——
Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?
Cal. She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS, *and* ULYSSES, *at a Distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him!
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark,
A word with you. [*Whispers.*
Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss.

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Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man
May sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.——

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulyss.

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Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction: come, my lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troi. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?
Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty!
Where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My Lord,——

Troi. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone,

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre.

Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did swear patience.
Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?
Cre. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?
Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

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Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:——O Jove!——
Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewel! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,

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Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Troi. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure, she was.
Troi. Why my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Troi. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As

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As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter

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Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewel, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Palace of Troy. *Enter* HECTOR, *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter

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Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hect.

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Hect. No, 'faith young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the face of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.

Troi.

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Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O farewel, dear Hector!
Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Troi. Away!——Away!——
Cas. Farewel. Yet soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewel: The gods with safety stand about thee! [*Exit* PRIAM. *Alarums.*
Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Troi. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.
Troi. Let me read.

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Pan. A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rascally phthisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the Letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you———

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey!—ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Camp. [*Alarum.*] *Enter* THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan

Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up, in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm today; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, *and* TROILUS.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me! But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same. Enter DIOMED, *and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Aga. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus

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Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.——
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chip'd come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,

And

And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field. Re-enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio.

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,
Ere that correction :—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Troi. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother! 560

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

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Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark;—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Enter ACHILLES, *with* MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;

In

In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The same. *Enter* THERSITES, MENELAUS, *and* PARIS.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! 593

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, bastard. 603

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field. Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter ACHILLES, *and his* MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
[HECTOR *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
Come,

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Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

SCENE X.

The same. Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and the rest, marching.*

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; 631
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.——
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field. Enter ÆNEAS, *and Trojans.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter

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Enter TROILUS.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?——the gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll

I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS, *&c.*

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord; do you hear?

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* TROILUS.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
Oh, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!
O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it?—let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of Pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren,

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Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*

THE END.

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ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

UPON

TROILUS and CRESSIDA,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVII.

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ANNOTATIONS

UPON

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.] BEFORE this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a Bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspere's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the Bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded, more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion.

POPE.

We

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We may learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspere's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words; "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heminge* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to the *Malecontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passages:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to the *English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print."

STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against *Robert Green*, the author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for

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for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the *craft of authorship*, but to show the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the *name* of the writer of *Orlando Furioso*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a late *editor*, I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not, however, appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs entirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted *eleven copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any one of them. STEEVENS.

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PROLOGUE.

Line 2. *THE princes* orgillous,——] Orgillous, *i. e.* proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*:

"His atyre was *orgulous*." STEEVENS.

18. ——fulfilling *bolts*,] To *fulfil* in this place means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 114:

"A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
"*Fulfilled* of all curtosie."

Again:

"*Fulfilled* of all unkindship." STEEVENS.

To be "*fulfilled* with grace and benediction" is still the language of our Litany. BLACKSTONE.

23. *A prologue arm'd*,——] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actors abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play. JOHNSON.

27. ——*the vaunt*——] *i. e.* the *avant*, what went before. STEEVENS.

ACT I.

Line 1. ——*My* varlet,——] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: "——diverse were releeved by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the church-yard of saint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy gist Hakin et son *varlet*,
"Tout di-armè et tout di-pret,
"Avec son espé et salloche," &c. STEEVENS.

Concerning the word *varlet*, see *Recherches historiques sur les cartes a jouer*. Lyon, 1757, p. 61.

M. C. T.

6. *Will this gear ne'er be mended?*] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the *Interlude of King Darius*, 1565:

"Wyll not yet *this gere be amended*,
"Nor your sinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

10. ——fonder *than ignorance*;] *Fonder*, for more childish. WARBURTON.

12. *And skill-less*, &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

15. —*must tarry the grinding*.] Folio: must *needes* tarry, &c. MALONE.

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30. *Doth lesser* blench——] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. STEEVENS.

33. *—when she comes!—When is she thence?*] Folio: Then she comes when she is thençe. MALONE.

39. ——*(as when the sun doth light a storm)*] Milton hath given the same similitude, but more dilated:

"As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
"Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
"Heav'ns cheerful face, the lowering element
"Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or show'r:
"If chance the radiant sun with farewel sweet
"Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
"The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
"Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring."

It is not improbable that the short simile of Shakspere with the subsequent line,

"But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness—"

suggested to the imagination of Milton his most exquisite description. HENLEY.

55. *Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart*
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
In whose comparison, &c.] There is no reason why Troilus should dwell on Pandarus's *handling in his discourse* the *voice* of his mistress, more than her *eyes*, her *hair*, &c. as he is made to do by this punctuation.

tuation, to say nothing of the harshness of the phrase —*to handle a voice.*

The passage, in my apprehension, ought to be pointed thus;

——Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest, in thy discourse, O that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink, &c.

Handlest is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner.

The circumstance itself seems to have strongly impressed itself on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched:

"———To let a fellow that will take rewards,
"And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with
"My play-fellow, your *hand*—this kingly seal
"And plighter of high hearts!" MALONE.

60. ——*and* spirit *of sense*

Hard as the palm of ploughman!——] *In comparison with* Cressid's *hand*, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitations*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. JOHNSON.

70. ——*she has the mends*——] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmetics. JOHNSON.

I believe

I believe it rather means—*She may make the best of a bad bargain.*

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*"

Again, in S. Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "—turne him with his back full of stripes, and *his hands loden with his own amendes.*"

Again, in the *Wild Goose Chace*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The *mends are in mine own hands*, or the Surgeon's." STEEVENS.

127. ———*Hector, whose patience*

Is, as a virtue, fix'd,——] Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. JOHNSON.

131. *Before the sun rose, he was harness'd* light,] It appears, from different passages in this play, that Hector fights on horseback; and it should be remembered, that Shakspere was indebted for most of his materials to a book which enumerates Esdras and Pythagoras among the bastard children of king Priamus. Shakspere might have been led into his mistake by the manner in which Chapman has translated several parts of the Iliad, where the heroes mount their chariots, or descend from them. Thus, B. VI. speaking of Glaucus and Diomed:

"——From *horse* then both descend." STEEVENS.

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140. ——*per se*;] So in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*:

" Of faire Cresseide the floure and a *per se*
" Of Troie and Greece."

Again, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*:

" In faith, my sweet honeycomb, I'll love thee
a *per se*."

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

" That is the a *per se* of all, the creame of all."

STEEVENS.

147. —*that his valour is* crushed into folly,—] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together.

JOHNSON.

152. ——*against the hair*:—] is a phrase equivalent to another now in use——*against the grain*. The French say—*à contre-poil*.

168. *Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow*, Alexander.—*How do you, cousin?*—] *Good morrow, Alexander*, is added in all the editions, says Mr. Pope, very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage.—Wonderful acuteness! But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this: Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character: and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-

morrow,

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morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely ἐν ἤθει, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressida's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late *editor*, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander* Pope, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common *varlet*.

THEOBALD.

170. ——*Ilium?*] Was the palace of Troy.

JOHNSON.

235. ——*a merry Greek*——] *Græcari*, among the Romans, signified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

237. ——*compass'd window*,—] The *compass'd window* is the same as the *bow-window*. JOHNSON.

243. ——*so old a* lifter?] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief* by Green, in his *Art of Coney-catching*, printed 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*."

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"——cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers."

Again, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

"Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter*."

STEEVENS.

Hliftus,

Hliftus, in the Gothic language, signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V. p. 311. BLACKSTONE.

317. *That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,——*]

"Anthenor was——————

"Copious in words, and one that much time spent

"To jest, when he was in companie,

"So driely, that no man could it espie;

"And therewith held his countenaunce so well,

"That every man received great content

"To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

"When he was pleasant and in merriment:

"For tho' that he most commonly was sad,

"Yet in his speech some jest he always had."

Lidgate, p. 105.

STEEVENS.

325. Cre. *Will he give you the nod?*

Pan. *You shall see.*

Cre. *If he do, the rich shall have more.*] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did in our author's time, and long before, signify *a silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that *a* noddy *shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist? JOHNSON.

To *give the nod*, was, I believe, a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

363. ——*his helm more hack'd than Hector's;*—] So in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, B. III. 640:

" His *helme to hewin* was in twenty places," &c,
STEEVENS.

369. ——*an eye to boot.*] So the quarto. The folio, with less force, Give *money* to boot. JOHNSON.

388. ——*no* date *in the pye,*——] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered, that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well,* act i.

" —your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge than in your cheek." STEEVENS.

406. ——*there he unarms him.*] These necessary words are added from the quarto edition. POPE.

419. —*joy's soul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given :

——the *soul's joy* lies in doing. JOHNSON.

It is the reading of the second folio. REMARKS.

420. *That she*——] Means, that woman.
JOHNSON.

426. *Then though*——] The quarto reads *then*; the folio improperly, *that.* JOHNSON.

——*my heart*'s content——] *Content,* for *capacity.* WARBURTON.

454. ——*broad*——] So the quarto; the folio reads *loud.* JOHNSON.

459. ——*Nestor shall* apply
Thy latest words.——] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

463.

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463. ——*patient breast*,——] The quarto not so well:

——*ancient* breast. JOHNSON.

464. *With those of nobler bulk?*] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusedly expressed:

"Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis
"Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes
"Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,
"Invasitque vias; it eodem augusta phaselus
"Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vendicat austri."

Pope has imitated the passage. STEEVENS.

475. ——*by the* brize,] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"——Have ye got the *brize* there?
"Give me the holy sprinkle."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona, or the White Devil*, 1612;

"I will put *brize* in his tail, set him a gadding presently." STEEVENS.

478. ——*the thing of courage*,] It is said of the tyger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. HANMER.

481. Returns *to chiding fortune.*] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

490. ——*speeches*,—*which were such*
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

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Should———knit all Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,——] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristick excellencies of their different eloquence, strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such, that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to shew the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue.—I once read for *hand*, the *band* of Greece; but I think the text right. —To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of *engraving* laws and public records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

"———it deserves *with characters of brass*
"A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
"And razure of oblivion."———

So

So far, therefore, is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read—*thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*; the same metaphor being used by Timon, act iv. sc. 4. to Phryne and Timandra:

" ——*thatch* your poor thin roofs
" With burthens of the dead."——

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilts of swords*. See Cotgrave in verb *Haché*; hacked, &c, also, *Hatched, as the hilt of a sword*; and in verb *Hacher*; to hack, &c. also *to hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*:

" When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
" *Hatch'd* in the life of him."——

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

——*a bond of* air, *strong as the axle-tree*
On which the heavens ride;——

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be,

——*a bond of* awe.

The expression is used by Fairfax in his 4th Eclogue, *Muses Library*, p. 368:

" Unty these *bonds of awe* and cords of duty."

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing

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believing it was left so by the author.

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The word is metaphorically used by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632:

" ——————his face
" Is *hatch'd* with impudency three-fold thick."

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" His weapon *hatch'd* in blood."

Again, literally in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Double and treble gilt,——
" *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time."

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*
" *With silver.*"——

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen.

STEEVENS.

In the following verses in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the same picture is given. The fifth line of the first stanza strongly confirms Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, who wishes to read—*thatched* in silver; or rather supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word in the text, which he has shewn might bear the same meaning. With respect to the breath

breath or speech of Nestor, here called a *bond of air*, which Mr. Steevens has well explained, it is so truly Shaksperian, that I have not the smallest doubt of the genuineness of the expression. The stanzas above alluded to are these:

"There pleading you might see grave *Nestor* stand,
"As 'twere encouraging the Geeeks to fight,
"Making such sober action with his hand,
"That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight;
"In speech, it seem'd *his beard all silver white*
"Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
"Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.
"About him was a press of gaping faces,
"Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice
"All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
"As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
"Some high, some low; the Painter was so nice:
"The scalps of many, almost hid behind
"To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind."

What is here called *speech that beguiled attention*, is in the text *a bond of air*. Shakspere frequently calls words *wind*. So, in one of his poems:

"—Sorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind* of words." MALONE.

498. Agam. *Speak*, &c.] This speech is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

506. *The specialty of rule*——] The particular rights of supreme authority. JOHNSON.

509.

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509. *When that the general* is not like *the hive,*] The meaning is, *When the general is not* to the army *like the hive* to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

513. *The heavens themselves,——*] This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the Prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of man?"

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,] *i. e.* the centre of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the centre of the solar system. WARBURTON.

522. ——*But, when the planets,*

In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture.* JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion:

"For who so list into the heavens looke,
"And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
"Shall

" Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
" Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
" They all are *wandred* much; that plaine appeares.
" For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
" Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
" Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
" And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.

" And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
" So hardly butted those two twins of Jove,
" That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
" Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
" So now all *range*, and do *at random rove*
" Out of their proper places far away,
" And all this world with them amisse doe move,
" And all his creatures from their course astray,
" Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay."

Faery Queen, B. V. c. 1.

STEEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMOUS.

528. ——married *calm of states*] The epithet

married, which is used to denote an intimate union, is employed in the same sense by Milton:

"———Lydian airs
"*Married* to immortal verse."

Again:

"———voice and verse
"*Wed* your divine sounds."

Again, in Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's *Eden*:

"——shady groves of noble palm-tree sprays,
"Of amorous myrtles and immortal bays;
"Never unleav'd, but evermore they're new,
"Self-arching, in a thousand arbours grew.
"Birds *marrying* their sweet tunes to the angels' lays,
"Sung Adam's bliss, and their great Maker's praise."

The subject of Milton's great poem would naturally have led him to read this description in Sylvester. This quotation I owe to Dr. Farmer.

Shakspere calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

532. ———*brotherhoods in cities*,] Corporations, companies, *confraternities*. JOHNSON.

556. *That by a pace*—] That goes backward *step by step*. JOHNSON.

557. ———*with a purpose*
It has to climb:———] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

Folio—*in* a purpose. MALONE.

562.

562. ——*bloodless emulation:*] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

580. *Thy* topless *deputation*——] *Topless* is that which has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it; supreme; sovereign. JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604:

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,

"And burnt the *topless* towers of Ilium?"

Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"And *topless* honours be bestow'd on thee." STEEVENS.

584. *'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the* scaffoldage,] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*. MALONE.

585. *Such to-be-pitied and* o'er-rested *seeming*——] We should read, I think,—o'er-*wrested*. Wrested beyond the truth; overcharged. The word hitherto given has no meaning. MALONE.

595. ——*as near as the extremest ends*, &c.] The parallels to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

602. ——*a palsy-fumbling*——] This should be written—*palsy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytic fumbling. TYRWHITT.

607. *All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,*
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, &c.] All our good *grace exact*, means our *excellence irreprehensible*. JOHNSON.

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612. ——*to make paradoxes.*] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given,

——*to make* parodies. JOHNSON.

616. ——*bears his head*

In such a rein,——] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bridles.* JOHNSON.

624. *How* rank *soever rounded in with danger.*] A *rank weed* is a *high weed.* JOHNSON.

647. ——*kingly* ears?] The quarto:

——*kingly* eyes. JOHNSON.

652. *A stranger to those most imperial looks*] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspere, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.

Shakspere might have adopted this error from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs, more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of king Henry VI. and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decoration. STEEVENS.

655. *I ask, that I might waken reverence,*] The folio has:

I; I

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I; I ask, &c.
which is, I believe, right. Agamemnon says with surprize,

"Do you ask how Agamemnon may be known?"

Æneas replies:

"*Ay*, I ask (that I might waken reverence)
"Which is that god in office," &c. MALONE.

656. ——*bid the cheek*——] So the quarto. The folio has,

——on *the cheek*—— JOHNSON.

692. ——*long-continued truce*] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* JOHNSON.

693. —*rusty*—] Quarto, *resty*. JOHNSON.

700. ——*to her own lips he loves*)] That is, *confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNSON.

702. *In other* arms *than hers*,——] *Arms* is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier. MALONE.

712. ——*and not worth*
The splinter of a lance.——] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

723. *But if there be not in our Grecian* host] The first and second folio read—Grecian *mould*. MALONE.

727. *And in my* vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avantbras*, Fr. POPE.

Milton

Milton uses the word in his *Sampson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

" ——peruse his armour,

" The dint's still in the *vanbrace* " STEEVENS.

743. *Be you my time*, &c.] *i. e.* be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity.

746. ——*The seeded pride*, &c.] Shakspere might have taken this idea from *Lyte's Herbal*, 1578 and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium " hath scarce one good propertie. It may be compared to a Pharisee, who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature."— " It is high time, &c. to supplant it (*i. e.* pharasaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome soyle full of wicked Nerium." TOLLET.

747. ——its *maturity*——] Folio—*this* maturity. MALONE.

749. —*nursery*—] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery. JOHNSON.

755. *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*
Whose grossness little characters sum up:] *Substance* is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, *i. e.* numerals. So, in the Prologue to *K. Henry V.*

" ——a crooked figure may
" Attest, in little place, a million."

The *gross sum* is a term used in the *Merchant of Venice*.

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Venice. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. STEEVENS.

757. *And, in the publication, make no strain,*] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So, afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says,

I do not strain *at the position.*

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

765. ——*those honours*——] Folio—*his* honour. MALONE.

772. ——*scantling*] That is, a *measure, proportion*. The Carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

774. ——*small pricks*] Small *points compared* with the volumes. JOHNSON.

785. *Which entertain'd,*—] These two lines are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

792. *The lustre of the better shall exceed,*
By shewing the worst first——] The folio reads,

The lustre of the better, *yet to shew,*
Shall shew the better.

The alteration was probably the author's. MALONE.

798. —*shares*—] So the quarto. The folio, *wear*. JOHNSON.

806. ——*blockish Ajax*——] Shakspere, on this occasion,

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occasion, has deserted Lidgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax:

"Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)
"There was, a man that *learning did adore*," &c.
"Who did so much in eloquence abound,
"That in his time the like could not be found."

Again:

"And one that *hated pride and flattery*," &c.

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth book of Ovid's Metamorphosis; or from the Prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as "strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor pollitícke." STEEVENS.

807. *The sort*——] *i. e. sors*, the lot. STEEVENS.

823. *Must* tarre *the mastiffs on*,——] *Tarre*, an old English word signifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, act iv. sc. 1.

"————like a dog,
"Snatch at his master that doth *tar* him on."
POPE.

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ACT II.

ACT II.] This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

Line 13. *The plague of Greece——*] Alluding, perhaps, to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

14. ——beef-witted *lord!*] So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

" ——I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*." STEEVENS.

15. *Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:*] The reading obtruded upon us by Mr. Pope, was *unsalted leaven*, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, " you *whinid'st* leaven." This, it is true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coined out of it, gives us a sense apt and consonant to what Ajax would say, *unwinnowd'st leaven*.——" Thou lump of sour dough, kneaded up out of a flour unpurged and unsifted, with all the dross and bran in it."— THEOBALD.

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says: " Many of Chaucer's words are become, as it were, *unnew'd*, and hoarie with over-long lying."

Again, in Tho. Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

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" For being long kept they grow hore and *vinewed.*" STEEVENS.

In the preface to James I.'s Bible, the translators speak of *fenowed* (*i. e.* vinewed or mouldy) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy, *vinny* cheese. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Shakspere wrote—*vinied'st* leaven. MALONE.

20. ——*in Greece.*——] The quarto adds these words: *when thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.* JOHNSON.

35. ——ay *that thou bark'st at him.*] I read, *O* that thou *bark'dst at him.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

39. *Cobloaf!*] A crusty uneven loaf is in some counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

40. ——pun *thee into shivers*——] *Pun* is, in the midland counties, the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. JOHNSON.

It is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. B. XXVIII. ch. 12: " ——*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, Book XXIX. ch. 4. " The gall of these lizards *punned* and dissolved in water." STEEVENS.

44. *Thou stool for a witch!*] In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some

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some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY.

46. ——*an* assinego——] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Asinaio* is Italian, says Hanmer, for an *ass-driver*: but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Robert Baron, act iii. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

" ——————the stout trusty blade,
" That at one blow has cut an *asinego*
" Asunder like a thread."——

" This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian sham-sheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor."

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *ass*, than an *ass-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *asinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an idiot; " They apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an *asinego* of me." See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

" ——all this would be forsworn, and I again *an asinego*, as your sister left me." STEEVENS.

Asinego is Portuguese for a *little ass*. MUSGRAVE.

And Dr. Musgrave might have added, that, in his native county, it is the vulgar name for an *ass* at present. HENLEY.

118. —*when Achilles' brach bids me,*—] The folio and quarto read—Achilles' *brooch*. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on*. JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog. STEEVENS.

Brooch, which is the reading of all the old copies, had perhaps formerly some meaning at present unknown. In the following passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacie*, 1592, it seems to signify something very different from a pin or a bodkin: "His bonnet was green, whereon stood a copper *brooch* with the picture of St. Denis."

Perhaps Achilles's *brooch* may mean, the person whom Achilles holds so dear; so highly estimates. So, in *Hamlet*:

"——He is the *brooch* indeed,
"And gem of all the nation." MALONE.

I have little doubt of *brooch* being the true meaning, as a term of contempt.

The meaning of *brooche* is well ascertained—a spit—a *bodkin*; which being formerly used in the ladies' dress, was adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments. Hence in old lists of jewels are found *brotches*.

I have a very magnificent one, which is figured and described by Pennant, in the second volume of his Tour to Scotland, p. 14, in which the spit or bodkin forms but a very small part of the whole.

The present *shirt buckles* may well be called *brooches*. Hence,

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Hence, to *broach* a cask of liquor—Turn-broche, &c. &c. L.

153. ——*many thousand* dismes,] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the Prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:

"The *disme* goeth to the battaile."

Again, in Holinshed's Reign of Richard II,

"——so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people," &c.

STEEVENS.

164. *The* past-*proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* JOHNSON.

180. *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*

Or like a star dis-orb'd?—] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

194. *And the will dotes, that is* inclinable] Old edition, not so well, has it *attributive.* POPE.

By the old edition Mr. Pope means the old quarto. The folio has, as it stands, *inclinable.* I think the first reading better; *the will dotes that attributes* or gives *the qualities which it affects*; that first causes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

196. *Without some image of the* affected *merit.*] The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit* so *affected* be really there. JOHNSON.

206. ——soil'd *them*;——] So reads the quarto. The folio,

——*spoil'd* them.—— JOHNSON.

207.

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207. ——*unrespective* sieve,] That is, into a *common voider*. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads,

——unrespective *fame*;

for which the second folio and modern editions have silently printed,

——unrespective *place*. JOHNSON.

215. ——pale *the morning*.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,

——*stale* the morning. JOHNSON.

226. *And do a deed that fortune* never *did*,] If I understand this passage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is:—*Act with more inconsistency and caprice than ever did fortune.* HENLEY.

230. *But, thieves,*——] Hanmer reads——*Base thieves.*—— JOHNSON.

241. ——*mid-age and wrinkled* elders,] The folio has,

——wrinkled *old*.

Perhaps the poet wrote,

——wrinkled *eld*. MALONE.

243. *Add to my* clamours!——] Folio—*clamour*. MALONE.

261. —*distaste*—] Corrupt; change to a worse state. JOHNSON.

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305. ——*Aristotle.*—] Let it be remembered as often as Shakspere's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classick authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's *Thebaid*, Aphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to his augural profession, yet if he could so freely, nay, even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him. STEEVENS.

318. —*benummed wills*,—] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

319. *There is a law*——] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

328. *Is this, in way of truth?*——] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

335. —*the performance of our heaving spleens*,] The execution of spite and resentment. JOHNSON.

352. —*emulation*—] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

360. —*Then there's Achilles—a rare* engineer.] The folio has—*enginer*,—which seems to have been the word

word formerly used. So, *truncheoner*, *pioner*, *mutiner*, &c. MALONE.

369. —*without drawing the massy iron*,—] That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web*. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

——*without drawing the massy* iron,—] Folio—*irons*. MALONE.

371. —*the bone-ache!*—] In the quarto, *the Neapolitan bone-ache*. JOHNSON.

378. *If I could have remember'd a* gilt counterfeit, *thou would'st not have* slipp'd *out of my contemplation:*] Here is a plain allusion to the counterfeit piece of money called a *slip*, which occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4. and which has been happily illustrated in a note on that passage. There is the same allusion in *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. 5. WHALLEY.

404. —decline *the whole question.*—] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

406. —— *Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

419. ——*of the prover.*——] So the quarto. JOHNSON.

The folio profanely reads,—*to the Creator*. STEEVENS.

427. ——*Now the dry*, &c.] This is added in the folio. JOHNSON.

453. ——*composure*,—] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong* counsel. JOHNSON.

458.

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458. *The elephant hath joints,* &c.] So, in *All's lost by Lust,* 1633:

" ——————Is she pliant?

" Stubborn as an *elephant's leg, no bending* in her?"

Again, in *All Fools,* 1605:

" I hope you are no *elephant,* you have *joints.*"

STEEVENS.

462. ——*noble state,*] Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble state rather means *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* STEEVENS.

In support of Dr. Johnson's exposition of this word, it may be observed, that *state* was formerly applied to a single person. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies,* 1595: " ——The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Toledo that he much marvelled, he being so great a *state,* would visit hospitals."——

Again, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto:*

" The Greek demands her, whither she was going,

" And which of these two great *estates* her keeps?"

MALONE.

482. ——*under-write*——] To *subscribe,* in Shakspere, is to *obey.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear:* " You owe me no subscription."

STEEVENS.

484. *His pettish lunes,*——] This is Hanmer's emendation of his pettish *lines.* The old quarto reads,

His *course and time.*

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This speech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. JOHNSON.

491. ——allowance *give*] *Allowance* is *approbation*. So, in *King Lear*:

" ——if your sweet sway
" *Allow* obedience." STEEVENS.

512. —*the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's *History of the World, and animated Nature*, Vol. VII. p. 92, 93. STEEVENS.

532. ——*the* death-tokens *of it*] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

" Now like the fearful *tokens* of the plague
" Are mere fore-runners of their ends." STEEVENS.

541. ——*with his own* seam;] *Seam* is *grease*. STEEVENS.

559. *I'll* pash *him o'er the face.*] *i. e.* strike him with violence. So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, 1623:

" ——when the batt'ring ram
" Were fetching his career backward, *to pash*
" Me with his horns to pieces." REED.

This passage might have been given to confirm my explanation of *rough pash*, as applied by Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2. HENLEY.

561. —pheeze *his pride:*—] To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry*. JOHNSON.

Mr.

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Mr. Steevens has explained the word *Feaze*, as Dr. Johnson does, to mean the untwisting or unravelling a knotted skain of silk or thread. I recollect no authority for this use of it. To *feize* is to drive away; and the expression *I'll feize* his pride, may signify, I'll humble or lower his pride. WHALLEY.

563. *Not for the worth*——] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

577. ——*force him*—] *i. e.* stuff him. *Farcir*, Fr. STEEVENS.

604. ——*like a* bourn,—] A *bourn* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 6:

"Come o'er the *bourn*, Bessy, to me."

See a note on this passage. STEEVENS.

613. Nest. *Ay, my good son.*] In the folio, and in the modern editions, Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

Shall I call you father?] Shakspere had a custom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*. STEEVENS.

ACT III.

Line 34. ——*Love's invisible soul,*—] May mean the *soul of love* invisible every where else. JOHNSON.

58. ——*in* fits.] *i. e.* now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in musick, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*; in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1574:

"*Satan.* Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fitte.*" STEEVENS.

77. ——*And, my lord, he desires you,*——] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen; but I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

89. ——*with my* disposer *Cressida.*] I think *disposer* should, in these places, be read *dispouser*; she that would separate Helen from him. WARBURTON.

I suspect that, *You must not know where he sups*, should be added to the speech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris should be given to Helen. That Cressida wanted to separate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Cressida had any power over Paris,

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Paris, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture by the author of *The Revisal*. By giving, however, this line, *I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *deposer*, means—she who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine.

STEEVENS.

I'll lay my life, *with my disposer Cressida.*] The words, *I'll lay my life*—are not in the folio.

MALONE.

The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus:

Par. Where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen?

Par. My cousin will fall out with you.

[*To* Helen.

Pan. You must not know where he sups.

[*To* Paris.

Helen. I'll lay my life with my deposer Cressida.

She calls Cressida her *deposer*, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus, in a preceding scene, is ready to swear she *lov'd more than Paris.* REMARKS.

95. Par. *I spy.*] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called, *Hie, spy, hie.* STEEVENS.

105. *Falling in, after falling out,* &c.] *i. e.* The reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel,

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a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. TOLLET.

109. —*sweet lord,*—] In the quarto *sweet lad.* JOHNSON.

121. —*that it wounds,*] *i. e.* that which it wounds. MUSGRAVE.

124. *Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*] *To kill the wound* is no very intelligible expression, nor is the measure preserved. We might read:

These lovers cry,
Oh! oh! they die!
But *that which seems to kill,*
Doth turn, &c.
So dying love lives still.

Yet as *the wound to kill* may mean *the wound that seems mortal,* I alter nothing. JOHNSON.

These lovers cry,—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"For I have heard it [love] is a *life* in *death,*
"That *laughs* and *weeps,* and all but in a breath!" MALONE.

200. *Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring*
The eye of majesty.] Rowe seems to have imitated this passage in his *Ambitious Stepmother,* act i.

"Well may th' ignoble herd
"Start, if with heedless steps they unawares
"Tread

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"Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
"Awes with superior greatness all beneath him."
STEEVENS.

205. —*you must be* watch'd *ere you be made tame,*—] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew:*

"—to *watch* her as we watch these *kites.*"
STEEVENS.

207. ——*we'll put you i' the files.*——] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places. HANMER.

211. *So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.*] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakspere's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that *kisses the jack*, or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"———So, a fair riddance;
"There's three *rubs* gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress.*"

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

"*Flam.* I hope you do not think——
"*Cam.* That noblemen *bowl* booty; 'faith his cheek
"Hath a most excellent bias; it would fain jump with my *mistress.*" MALONE.

214. —*The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river*;—] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece

niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally understand the *female*. THEOBALD.

I think we should rather read,

———at *the tercel*,——— TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, l. iv. 410. is the following stanza, from which Shakspere may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

" What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce
" In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
" If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,
" If this be godely, she is glad and light.
" And this is faire, and that can gode aright,
" Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,
" *Both heroner and faucon for rivere.*"

Again, in Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses*, bl. let. 4to. 1567:

" ——how is that possible to make a froward kite a forward *kawke to the ryuer*." P. 159.

STEEVENS.

252. —*our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it:*—] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, 'till merit* louer part no affection, *in reversion*, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

255. ——*his addition shall be humble.*—] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

278.

278. ——*they'll stick where they are thrown.*] This allusion has already occurred in *Measure for Measure:*

"Nay, friar, I am a kind of *burr*, I shall stick."

STEEVENS.

309. *I have a kind of self resides with you;*] So, in our author's 123d Sonnet:

"——for I, being pent in thee,
"Perforce am thine, and all that is in me."

MALONE.

317. ——*But you are wise,*
Or else you love not; for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read,

——but *we're not* wise,
Or else *we* love not: to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might;——

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies: "That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union." JOHNSON.

318. ——*to be wise, and love,*
Exceeds man's might;——] This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Cal. March:*

"To be wise, and eke to love,
"Is granted scarce to gods above."

TYRWHITT.

"*Amare et sapere vix* a *Deo conceditur.*" Pub. Syr.

Spenser, whom Shakspere followed, seems to have misunderstood this proverb. Marston, in the *Dutch Courtezan*, 1606, has the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:

" But raging lust my fate all strong doth move,
" *The gods themselves cannot be wise and love.*"

MALONE.

328. *Might be* affronted *with the match*——] I wish " my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love."

JOHNSON.

332. *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, " Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy."

WARBURTON.

336. *True swains in love shall, in the world to come,*
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similies, truth, tir'd with iteration,——]

The metre, as well as the sense, of the last verse will be improved, I think, by reading,

Want similies of truth, tir'd with iteration.

So, a little lower in the same speech:

Yet after all comparisons of Truth. TYRWHITT.

340. *As true as steel*——] It should be remembered that mirrors, in the time of our author, were made of plates of polished steel. So, in *The Renegado*, by Massinger:

" Take down the looking-glass;—here is a *mirror*
" *Steel'd* so exactly," &c.

Again, in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington*, by Heywood, 1601:

" For

" For thy *steel-glass* wherein thou wont'st to *look*,
" Thy chrystal eyes gaze in a chrystal brooke."

One of Gascoigne's pieces is called the *Steel-glass*; a title, which, from the subject of the poem, he appears evidently to have used as synonimous to *mirror*.

The same allusion is found in an old piece entitled *The Pleasures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of queen Elizabeth:

" Behold in her the lively *glasse*,
" The pattern *true as steel*."——

As true as steel, therefore, means—*as true as the mirror which faithfully represents every image that is presented before it.* MALONE.

As true as steel is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book*, where he speaks of Troilus, L. II. ch. 16:

" Thereto in love *trewe as any stele*."

STEEVENS.

340. *True as plantage to the moon.*] This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft:* " The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull; so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade." FARMER.

342. *As iron to adamant*——] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

" As *true* to thee as *steel to adamant*." MALONE.

344. *As* truth's authentick author *to be cited*,]

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Troilus shall *crown the verse*, as a man *to be cited as the authentick author of truth*; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

367. —*inconstant men*——] Shakspere seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain, that, in his time, *a Troilus* was as clean an expression for *a constant lover*, as *a Cressida* and *a Pandar* were for *a jilt* and *a pimp*. TYRWHITT.

379. ——————*Appear it to your mind,*
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy,——] I am afraid, that after all efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced; but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

340. ——*through the sight I bear in things, to* Jove] This passage, in all the modern editions, is silently depraved, and printed thus:

" ——*through the sight I bear in things to* come.

The word is so printed, that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that

that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning. JOHNSON.

——to *love*, might mean—to the consequences of Paris's *love* for Helen. STEEVENS.

406. *In most accepted* pain.] *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompence *the service I have done*, even in these *labours* which were *most accepted*. JOHNSON.

475. ——*how dearly ever* parted] *i. e. however excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's exposition is strongly supported by a subsequent line:

" ——That no man is the lord of any thing
" (Though in and of him there is much consisting)
" Till he communicate his *parts* to others."

So, *Persius*:

" Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire, hoc sciat alter."

See also the *Dramatis Personæ* of Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of Humour*: " MACILENTE; a man well-*parted*; a sufficient scholar," &c. MALONE.

485. *To others' eyes*, &c.

(*That most pure spirit*, &c.] These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. POPE.

——*nor doth the eye itself*,] So, in Julius Cæsar:

" No Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
" But by reflexion, by some other things."

STEEVENS.

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494. ——*in his circumstance,*——] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

505. *The unknown Ajax,*] Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

510. ——*Now we shall see to-morrow,*
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd.] I would read,
Ajax *renown.*
The passage, as it stands in the folio, is hardly sense. If *renown'd* be right, we ought to read,
By an act, &c. MALONE.

By placing a break after *him*, the construction will be :—*Now we shall see to-morrow an act that very chance doth throw upon him*—[we shall see] Ajax renown'd. HENLEY.

514. *How some men* creep *in skittish fortune's hall,*] To *creep* is to *keep out of sight*, from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of fortune*, while others, though they but *play the ideot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of distinction. JOHNSON.

517. ——*feasting*——] Folio. The quarto has *fasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

525. *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,*] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

542. ——*to the abject* rear,] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read,

——*to*

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———*to the abject*, near. JOHNSON.

543. *O'er run*, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:

And leave your hindmost, then what they do at present.

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

Or, *like a gallant horse*——— JOHNSON.

558. *More laud than* gilt *o'er-dusted.*] Shakspere has omitted the article *to*; he should have written,

More laud than to *gilt o'er-dusted.* JOHNSON.

563. ——*The cry went* once *on thee,*] The folio has,

———out on thee. MALONE.

568. *Made emulous* missions—] *Missions* for *divisions*, *i. e.* goings out, on one side and the other. WARBURTON.

The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakspere very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. STEEVENS.

575. ——*one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS.

579.

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579. *Knows almost*, &c.] For this elegant line the quarto has only,

Knows almost every thing. JOHNSON.

I think we should read, *of Plutus' gold*. So, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, act iv:

"'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
"Lock'd in the heart of earth."——

It should be remembered, however, that *mines of gold* were anciently supposed to be *guarded by daemons*. STEEVENS.

581. *Keeps* place *with thought*;——] *i. e.* there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*. WARBURTON.

Is there not here an allusion to that sublime description of the divine omnipresence in the 139th Psalm? HENLEY.

583. ——[*with whom relation*
Durst never meddle)——] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

607. ——*to air*.] So the quarto. The folio,
——*to* airy *air*. JOHNSON.

614. *Omission to do*, &c.] By *neglecting* our duty, we *commission* or enable that *danger* of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

638. —*with a politick regard*,—] With a *sly look*. JOHNSON.

688. ——*to make* catlings *on*.] It has been already observed,

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observed, that a *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called Simon *Catling*. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 13. *DURING all* question *of the gentle truce:*] I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. JOHNSON.

38. *His purpose meets you;*——] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

67. ——*a flat* tamed *piece;*] *i. e.* a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

70. *Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;*
But he as he, the *heavier for a whore.*] I read,
But he as he, *each* heavier for a whore.
Heavy is taken both for *weighty*, and for *sad* or *miserable*. I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus:
But he as he. Which heavier for a whore?
That is, *for a whore* staked down, *which is the heavier*. JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads,
——————*the* heavier for a whore.
I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this: the merits of either are

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sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. STEEVENS.

83. *We'll not commend what we intend* to *sell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

The sense, I think, requires we should read *condemn.* TYRWHITT.

97. *And dreaming night will hide our* joys——] The folio reads,

——hide our *eyes.* MALONE.

101. *As* tediously——] The folio has,

As *hideously* as hell. JOHNSON.

102. *With wings more* momentary-swift *than thought.*] The second folio reads,

With wings more momentary, *swifter* than thought. MALONE.

109. *Enter Pandarus.*] The hint for the following short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida, is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide,* Book III. v. 1561:

" Pandare, a morowe which that commin was
" Unto his necè gan her faire to grete,
" And saied all this night so rained it alas!
" That all my drede is, that ye, necè swete,
" Have little leisir had to slepe and mete,
" All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,
" That some of us I trowe ther heddis ake.

" Cresseide

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" Cresseide answerde, nevir the bet for you,
" Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care
" God helpe me so, ye causid all this fare," &c.
STEEVENS.

115. ——*to* do,——] To *do* is here used in a wanton sense. COLLINS.

150. ——*matter is so* rash:——] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

——*aconitum, or* rash *gunpowder.* STEEVENS.

153. *Delivered to us*; &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus:

Delivered to him, and forthwith. JOHNSON.

163. ——*the* secrets of neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in tacitunity.] If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as Pope professes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of such copies, as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make out the verse thus:

The secret'st things *of nature*, &c.

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the mysteries of nature, of occult philosophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions of this sort in several other passages. THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the necessity of collation. JOHNSON.

The secrets of nature could hardly have been a corruption of " the secrets of *neighbour Pandar.*" Perhaps the alteration was made by the author, and that he wrote,

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Good, good, my lord; the *secretest* of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"——the *secretest* man of blood." MALONE.

193. —— *Time, force, and death,*] The second folio reads,

——*Time and death.* MALONE.

202. ——*great morning*;——] *Grand jour*; a Gallicism. STEEVENS.

217. *The grief*, &c.] The folio reads,

The grief is fine, full perfect, that I taste,
And no less *in a sense as strong*
As that which causeth it.——

The quarto otherwise:

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth *in a sense as strong*
As that which causeth it.——

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. *Violenceth* is used by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass:*

"Nor nature *violenceth* in both these."

And Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb, as spelt in the play of Shakspere: "His former adversaries *violented* any thing against him." *Fuller's Worthies, in Anglesea.*

Dr. Farmer likewise adds the following instance from Latimer, p. 71. "Maister Pole *violentes* the text for

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for the maintenance of the bishop of Rome.

STEEVENS.

237. ——*strain'd*——] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *strange*. JOHNSON.

260. *With distinct breath, and* consign'd kisses *to them,*] *Consign'd* means *sealed*; from *consigno*, Lat. So, in *King Henry V.*: "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to." Our author has the same idea in many other places. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"But my *kisses* bring again

"*Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted."

MALONE.

263. Distasted *with the salt of broken tears.*] Folio, *Distasting*, &c. MALONE.

265. *Hark! you are call'd: Some say,* the Genius *so* Cries, Come! *to him that instantly must die.*] An obscure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought:

"My soul just now about to take her flight,

"Into the regions of eternal night,

"Methinks, I hear some gentle *spirit* say,

"Be not fearful, *come away!*"

After whom, Pope:

"Hark! they whisper; angels say,

"Sister spirit, *come away.*" MALONE.

272. *A woeful Cressid 'mongst the* merry Greeks!] So, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1640, a man gives the

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the watchmen some money, and when they have received it he says: "the *merry Greeks* understand me."
STEEVENS.

279. *For I will throw my glove to death*——] That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

292. ——————*The Grecian youths*
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;] The folio reads,

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er, &c.

I suppose the author wrote,

They're loving——————

The quarto omits the middle line,

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise—
MALONE.

295. ——*with person*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *with portion*. STEEVENS.

303. ——*the high* lavolt——] The *lavolta* was a dance. It is elsewhere mentioned, where several examples are given. STEEVENS.

323. ——*catch mere simplicity*;] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

326. ——*the* moral *of my wit*
Is—plain and true,——] *Moral*, in this instance,

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stance, has the same meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 4.

"Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus."

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, act iv. sc. 4.

"——he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his signs and tokens." TOLLET.

330. *At the* port,——] The *port* is the *gate*. STEEVENS.

331. ——possess *thee what she is.*] I will *make thee fully understand*. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. JOHNSON.

353. —*lust*:—] That is, *inclination, will*. HENLEY.

366. *Dio.*] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

But why should *Diomed* say, *Let us make ready straight?* Was he to tend with them on Hector's heels? Certainly not. *Dio* has therefore crept in by mistake; the line either is part of Paris's speech, or belongs to Deiphobus, who is in company. As to *Diomed*, he neither goes along with them, nor has any thing to get ready:—he is now walking with Troilus and Cressida towards the gate, on his way to the Grecian camp. REMARKS.

379. ——*bias cheek*] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. JOHNSON.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

"'Faith, his cheek
"Has a most excellent *bias*."—— STEEVENS.

411.

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411. *Both take and give.*] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

412. *I'll make my match to live.*] I believe this means—*I'll lay my life.* TYRWHITT.

426. *Why, beg then.*] For the sake of rhime we should read,

Why beg two.

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

436. ——motive *of her body.*] *Motive*, for *part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

438. ——*a coasting*——] An amorous address; courtship. JOHNSON.

441. ——*sluttish spoils of opportunity*,] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

454. *'Tis done like Hector; but* securely *done*,] In the sense of the Latin, *securus—securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo.* A negligent security, arising from a contempt of the object opposed. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this sense peculiar to Shakspere, "for," says he, "I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of the *Spanish Tragedy:*

"O damned

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"O damned devil! how *secure* he is."

In my lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, "neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion*, in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it, however, in Hoby's translation of *Castilio*, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscane tung."

Ben Jonson, more than once, uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

Aga. *'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,*] It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that Æneas should immediately say, *If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?* To Achilles I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point. THEOBALD.

As the old copies agree, I have made no change. JOHNSON.

462. *Valour and pride* excel *themselves in Hector*;] Shakspere's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater

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than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

486. ——*an impair thought*——] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "——nor is it more *impaire* to an honest and absolute man," &c. STEEVENS.

488. ——*Hector*—*subscribes*
To tender objects;—] That is, *yields, gives way*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*, *subscrib'd* his power, *i. e.* submitted. STEEVENS.

495. ——*thus translate him to me*.] Thus *explain his character*. JOHNSON.

528. *Not Neoptolemus so mirable*
(On whose bright crest Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
Cries, This is he) could promise to himself, &c.] I think, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakspere might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion*, &c. 1587, had

had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will shew:

"Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
"By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
"Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
"Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
"O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
"For multitude of people was there mortificate,
"With condigne Priamus, and all his progenie,
"And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate."

In Lydgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:

"The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
"That had his haire as blacke as any jet;" &c. p. 100.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:

"Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise
"Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
"To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end
"He may revenge his father's death," &c. p. 287.

STEEVENS.

In the margin of Phaer's translation of Virgil, (Æn. II.) a book that Shakspere certainly had read, *Neoptolemus* and Pyrrhus are called *brothers*. MALONE.

534. *We'll answer it*;] That is, answer the expectance. JOHNSON.

545. ——*your knights.*] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastick followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *'squire.* Mr. Pope, in his translation of the Iliad, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

550. *Worthy of arms!*——] Folio. Worthy *all* arms! Quarto. The quarto has only the two first, second, and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision. JOHNSON.

564. *Men.*] The author of THE REMARKS supposes this speech to belong to *Æneas.* REED.

566. *Mock not,* &c.] The quarto has here a strange corruption:

Mock not thy affect, *the untraded earth.* JOHNSON.

575. *Despising many forfeits and subduements,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,

And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements.*

JOHNSON.

594. *As they contend*——] This line is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

619. *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,* thou!—] The repetition of *thou!* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in *Twelfth Night:* "——if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss." Again, in *The Tempest:*

"Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou!*"

Again,

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Again, in the first scene of the fifth act of this play of *Troilus and Cressida*; " ——thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou!*" STEEVENS.

620. *Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;*] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

622. *And* quoted *joint by joint.*] To *quote* is to observe. STEEVENS.

657. ——*the general state, I fear,*
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] i. e. I am aware that the Greeks will not wish you to meet him singly; insinuating that it would be bad policy in them to desire the man who had the greatest reputation for valour, to run such a hazard of being foiled. STEEVENS.

667. ——*convive*——] To *convive* is to *feast.* This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I find it several times used in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. let. no date. STEEVENS.

670. *Beat loud the tabourines,*——] For this the quarto and the latter editions have,

To taste your bounties.——

The reading which I have given from the folio, seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties.* JOHNSON.

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra.* STEEVENS.

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ACT V.

Line 6. *THOU crusty* batch *of nature,*——] *Batch* is any thing *baked.* JOHNSON.

Batch does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Catiline*:

"Except he were of the same meal and *batch.*"

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world."

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"Hast thou made a good *batch?* I pray thee give me a new loaf."

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"Is all the rest of this *batch?*" Thersites had already been called *cobloaf.* STEEVENS.

12. *The surgeon's box,*—] In this answer Thersites only quibbles upon the word *lent.* HANMER.

17. *Male varlet,*——] Hanmer reads, *male harlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*: "This a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!" FARMER.

20.

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26. ——*cold palsies,*——] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was, in my opinion, judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. JOHNSON.

29. ——*sow ruinous*, &c.] Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. JOHNSON.

The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*:

" Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form "

STEEVENS.

31. ——*thou idle immaterial skein of* sleeve *silk*,—] All the terms used by Thersites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. JOHNSON.

36. *Out, gall!*] *Hanmer* reads *nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read, *Out, gall!* JOHNSON.

37. *Finch-egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite; and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird

in

in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. STEEVENS.

41. *A token from her daughter*, &c.] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of the three destructions of Troy. HANMER.

54. ——*And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and* oblique *memorial of cuckolds*;] The author of *The Revisal* observes, that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition, that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns." STEEVENS.

May we not rather suppose, that Shakspere, who is so frequently licentious in his language, means nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*? MALONE.

59. ——*forced with wit*,——] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery.—In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By loving *quails* the poet may mean, loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. Mr. *Upton* says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird. A similar allusion occurs in *The Hollander*, a comedy, by Glapthorne, 1640:

"——the hot desire of *quails*,
"To yours is modest appetite." STEEVENS.

In

In old French *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. In the *Dict. Comique par le Roux*, under the article *caille* are these words:

"Chaud comme une *caille*———

"*Caille* coiffée — Sobriquet qu'on donne aux femmes."

Signifie femme eveillè amoureuse." So, in Rabelais: —"*Cailles* coiffées mignonnent chantans,"—which *Motteux* has thus rendered (probably from the old translation) *coated* quails and laced mutton, waggishly singing. MALONE.

68. ——*spirits and fires!*] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

100. ——*he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound*;——] If a hound *gives his mouth*, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler*, or *brabler*. The proverb says, *Brabling curs never want sore ears*. ANON.

106. ——*they say, he keeps a Trojan drab.*——] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

122. ———*her* cliff;——] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.

Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for. Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing musical terms, says:

"—Will none but my C. *cliff* serve your turn?"

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Again, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:

" ——————————that's a bird

" Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes." STEEVENS.

156. *You flow to great destruction*——] The quarto. I read,

You *show too* great distraction.—— JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading. *You flow to great destruction*, or *distraction*, means, the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions. STEEVENS.

177. *How the devil* luxury, *with his fat rump, and* potatoe *finger, tickles these together!*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the *Summæ Theologiæ Compendium* of Thomas Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio*, *Adulterium*, *Incestus*, *Stuprum*, *Raptus*, &c. and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title, *De Luxuria*. Hence in King Lear, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense:

" To't *Luxury* pell-mell, for I want soldiers."

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chess*, 1625:

" ——in a room fill'd all with *Aretine's* pictures,

" (More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*)

" Thou

" Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see
" Of *Lucrece'* dagger."——

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger?*——This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780.

" This plant, which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*.—There is not any that hath written of this plant—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust, and that with great greediness.*"

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great-Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London.

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At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of Virginia *potatoes*—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisarum Peruvianum, i. e.* the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*, and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be *a native of Mexico*. COLLINS.

The potatoes of Virginia are, however, very different in appearance, flavour, and growth, from the English; so different, as to constitute them a distinct species. HENLEY.

189. ——*keep this sleeve.*] The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12: "One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

Again, in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:

"A lady's *sleeve* high-spirited Hastings wore."

Again, in the MORTE ARTHUR, p. 3. ch. 119:

"When queen Genever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red *sleeve* of the faire maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger." Holinshed, p. 844, says, King Henry VIII. "had on his head a ladies *sleeve* full of diamonds." The circumstance, however, was adopted by Shakspere from Chaucer.

T. and

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T. and C. l. v. 1040: "She made him were a pencell of her *sleve*." A *pencell* is a small *pennon* or streamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play (in six acts) called *Histriomastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude, and *Cressida* breaks out:

"O knight, with valour in thy face,
"Here take my skreene, wear it for grace,
"Within thy helmet put the same,
"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, The Hundred *Hystoryes of Troye*, tells us, "*Bryseyde*, whom master *Chaucer* calleth *Cresseyde*, was a damosell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condysions." FARMER.

208. *As I kiss thee.*—] In old editions,

As I kiss thee.———

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously: and Diomed snatches it back from her. THEOBALD.

220. *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] *i. e.* the stars which she points to. WARBURTON.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"The *silver-shining queen* he would distain;
"Her twinkling *hand-maids* too, by him defil'd,
"Through

" Through night's black bosom should not peep again." MALONE.

240. *Troilus, farewel!*——] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them more characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakspere with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. *Lydgate*, speaking of Cressida, says only:

" She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
" To shew what trust there is in woman kind;
" For she of her new love no sooner sped,
" But Troilus was clean out of her mind,
" As if she never had him known or seen,
" Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean."

STEEVENS.

241. *But with my heart*, &c.] I think it should be read thus:

But *my heart with* the other eye doth see.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

But with *the other eye my heart* doth see.

TYRWHITT.

246. *A proof of strength she could not publish more*,] She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

257. *That doth invert* the attest *of eyes and ears.*] *i. e.* That turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves. THEOBALD.

This is the reading of the quarto. JOHNSON.

261.

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261. *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

267. ——*do not give advantage*
To stubborn criticks, *apt, without a theme,*
For depravation ——] *Critick* has here, I think, the signification of *Cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour Lost:*

"And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys."

MALONE.

278. *If there be rule in unity itself,*] I do not well understand what is meant by *rule in unity*. By *rule* our author, in this place as in others, intends *virtuous restraint, regularity of manners, command of passions and appetites*. In *Macbeth:*

"He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
"Within the belt of *rule*."——

But I know not how to apply the word in this sense to *unity*. I read,

If there be rule in *purity* itself,

Or, If there be rule in *verity* itself.

Such alterations would not offend the reader, who saw the state of the old editions, in which, for instance, a few lines lower, *the almighty sun* is called *the almighty fenne*.——Yet the words may at last mean, If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if it be a *rule* that *one is one*. JOHNSON.

280. ——*against* itself!] The folio reads,

——against *thyself*. MALONE.

281. *Bi-fold authority!*——] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us,

By

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By foul authority!———

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid*. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

281. ———*where reason can revolt*
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt;———] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*. JOHNSON.

289. *As* is *Arachne's broken woof to enter*.] The syllable wanting in this verse the modern editors have hitherto supplied. I hope the mistake was not originally the poet's own; yet one of the quartos reads with the folio, *Ariachna*'s broken woof, and the other *Ariathna*'s. It is not impossible that Shakspere might have written *Ariadne*'s broken woof, having confounded the two names or the stories, in his imagination; or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth. I do not remember that *Ariadne's loom* is mentioned by any of the Greek or Roman poets, though I find an allusion to it in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607:

" ———instead of these poor weeds, in robes
" Richer than that which *Ariadne* wrought,
" Or Cytherea's airy-moving vest."

Again:

" ———thy tresses, *Ariadne's twines*,
" Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd."
Spanish Tragedy.

Again,

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Again, in *Mulcasses the Turk*, 1610:

"Leads the despairing wretch into a maze;
"But not an *Ariadne* in the world
"To lend a *clew* to lead us out of it,
"The very maze of horror."

Again, in *Law Tricks*, 1608:

"——come *Ariadne's clew*, will you unwind?"

Again, in John Florio's translation of Montaigne: "He was to me in this inextricable labyrinth like *Ariadne's thread*." STEEVENS.

294. ———*knot, five-finger-tied*,] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger, 1632:

"Your *fingers* tie my heart-strings with this touch,
"In true *knots*, which nought but death shall loose." MALONE.

297. ——*o'er-eaten faith*,———] Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*. We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. JOHNSON.

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten *faith, are bound to Diomed.*] I believe our author had a less delicate idea in his mind. "Her *o'er-eaten* faith" means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was *surfeited*, and, like one who has *over-eaten* himself, had *thrown off*. All the preceding words, the *fragments, scraps*, &c. show that this was Shakspere's meaning.—So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

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" Give me *excess* of it [musick;] that, *surfeiting*,
" The *appetite* may *sicken*, and so *die*."

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry IV*. P. II.

" The commonwealth is *sick* of their own choice;
" Their *over-greedy love* hath *surfeited*.
" O thou fond many! with what applause
" Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,
" Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
" And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,
" Thou, beastly *feeder*, art so *full of him*,
" That thou provok'st thyself to *cast him up*."

MALONE.

298. *May worthy Troilus*——] Can Troilus really feel on this occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. JOHNSON.

325. ——*and wear a* castle *on thy head!*] *i. e.* defend thy head with armour of more than common security.

So, in the *Most ancient and famous History of the renowned Prince Arthur*, &c. edit. 1634, ch. 158: " Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head."——*Wear a castle*, therefore, seems to be a figurative expression, signifying, *Keep a castle over your head*; *i. e.* live within the walls of your castle. In Urry's Chaucer, Sir Thopas is represented with a *castle* by way of crest to his helmet. STEEVENS.

339.

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339. *My* dreams *will, sure, prove ominous to-day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache, might be either taken from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Prestes Tale*, late edit. v. 15147:

"Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
"That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
"She dremed on the same night beforne,
"How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
"If thilke day he went into battaille:
"She warned him, but it might not availle;
"He went forth for to fighten natheles,
"And was yslain anon of Achilles."

STEEVENS.

357. *For us to count*——] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

——do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it is as lawful
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—*For we would give much, to* use *violent thefts, i. e.* to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one. TYRWHITT.

359. *It is the purpose,*——] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. "The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong, must not be regarded as cogent."

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364. ——*dear man*] *Valuable* man. The repetition of the word is in our author's manner. JOHNSON.

375. *Which better fits a lion,*—] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. JOHNSON.

395. ——*with* recourse *of tears*;] *i. e.* tears that continue to course one another down the face.

WARBURTON.

425. *O farewel, dear Hector!*] The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

429. ——shrills *her dolours*, &c.] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"Through all th' abyss I have *shrill'd* thy daughter's loss, to my concave trump."

STEEVENS.

443. According to the quartos 1609, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner.

The

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The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here, and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. STEEVENS.

470. ——*O' the other side, the policy of those crafty* swearing *rascals*, &c.] But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being *swearing* rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that *sneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

477. ——*to proclaim barbarism*,——] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

489. *Art thou of blood, and honour?*] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantick chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomed:

"And am her knight by proof." STEEVENS.

498. ——*take thou Troilus' horse*;] So, in Lydgate:

"That *Troilus*, by maine and mighty force,
"At unawares he cast down from his *horse*;
"And gave it to his squire for to beare
"To *Cressida*," &c. STEEVENS.

505. ——*bastard Margarelon*] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story-

story-book of *The Three Destructions of Troy.*

THEOBALD.

The circumstance was taken from *Lydgate*, p. 194:

" Which when the valiant knight, Margarelon,
" One of king Priam's bastard children," &c.

STEEVENS.

512. ——*the dreadful Sagittary*
Appals our numbers;——] " Beyonde the royalme of Amasonne came an auncyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man: this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: *this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.*" *The Three Destructions of Troy, printed by Caxton.*

THEOBALD.

——*the dreadful Sagittary*] A very circumstantial account of this Sagittary is likewise to be found in *Lydgate*, p. 174. STEEVENS.

518. ——*on* Galathe *his horse,*] From *The Three Destructions of Troy* is taken this name given to Hector's horse. THEOBALD.

" Cal'd *Galathe* (the which is said to have been)
" The goodliest horse," &c. *Lydgate*, p. 142.

Again, p. 175.

" And sought, by all the means he could, to take
" *Galathe*, Hector's horse," &c.

Heywood,

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Heywood, in his *Iron Age*, 1632, has likewise continued the same appellation to Hector's horse:

"My armour, and my trusty *Galatee*."

Heywood has taken many circumstances in his play from *Lydgate*. *John Stephens*, the author of *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play commended by *Ben Jonson* in some lines prefixed to it) has mounted *Hector* on an *elephant*. STEEVENS.

520. ——*scaled* sculls] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The English Expositor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. The word likewise occurs in Lilly's *Midas*, 1592:

"He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull* of pheasants." The humour of this short speech consists in a misapplication of the appropriate terms of one amusement to another. Again, in Milton:

"——————each bay
"With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
"Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
"Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
"Bank the mid sea." STEEVENS.

Sculls and *shoals* have not only one and the same meaning, but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker alludes) so termed on the coast

coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*. REMARKS.

522. ——*the* strawy *Greeks*,——] In the folio it is, ——the *straying* Greeks,—— JOHNSON.

559. ——*you cogging Greeks*,——] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in respect of Diomed at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called in the North —*a gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks. "*Testimoniorum religionem & fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.*" Again— "*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.*" STEEVENS.

578. ——*I like thy armour well*;] This circumstance is taken from Lydgate's poem, p. 196:

"——Guido in his historie doth shew
"By worthy Hector's fall, who coveting
"To have the sumptuous armour of that king,
&c.
"So greedy was thereof, that when he had
"The body up, and on his horse it bare,
"To have the spoil thereof such haste he made,
"That he did hang his shield without all care
"Behind him at his back, the easier
"To pull the armour off at his desire,
"And by that means his breast clean open lay,"
&c.

This

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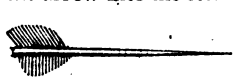
This furnished Shakspere with the hint for the following line:

"I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek."

STEEVENS.

579. *I'll frush it,*——] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. *Hanmer* explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. JOHNSON.

To *frush* a chicken, is a term in carving which I cannot explain. I am indebted for this little knowledge of it to E. Smith's *Complete Huswife*, published in 1741. The term is as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde's *Book of Kervinge*, 1508. Holinshed, describing the soldiers of Richmond making themselves ready, says, "they bent their bows, and *frushed* their feathers;" and (as Mr. *Tollet* has observed) employs it again in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29: "When they are sore *frusht* with sickness, or to farre withered with age." To *frush*, in this first instance, says he, signifies to change the feathers from their natural smooth and sloping position, to a rough perpendicular one, whereby the arrow flies the steadier to its mark,



and whistles in the air. In the second instance it means to *disorder*. The word seems to be sometimes used for any action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed.

So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606;

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" High cedars are *frushed* with tempests, when lower shrubs are not touched with the wind."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c. 1618:

" And with mine arm to *frush* a sturdy lance."

Again, in *The History of Helyas, Knight of the Swan*, bl. let. no date:

" —smote him so courageously with his sworde, that he *frushed* all his helm, wherewith the erle fell backward," &c.

Again, in Stanyhurst's translation of the first book of Virgil's Æneid, 1582:

" All the *fruske* and leavings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles."

Again:

" ———yf that knight Æntheous haplye

" Were *frusht*, or remanent," &c.

Again, in Sir John Mandevile's account of the magical entertainments exhibited before the *Grete Chan*, p. 285:

" And then they make knyghtes to jeusten in armes fulle lustyly, &c.—and they *fruschen* togidere fulle fiercely." STEEVENS.

587. ——*execute your* arms.] Thus all the copies; but surely we should read—*aims*. STEEVENS.

611. *Even with the* vail——] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil*, or *cover*. JOHNSON.

613. *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been enclosed

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closed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The *Oxford Editor*, I believe, was misinformed; for in the old story-book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Hanmer mentions:

"Had puissant Hector by Achilles hand
"Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
"Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,
"The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
"As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus, in his fourth book:

"O thou, *Homer*, for shame be now red,
"And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,
"On Achylles to set suche great a pryse
"In thy bokes for his chyvalrye,
"Above ech one that dost hym magnyfye,
"That was so sleyghty and so full of fraude,
"Why gevest thou hym so hye a praise and laude?" STEEVENS.

614. *Strike, fellows, strike*;——] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and

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without armour, is taken from the old story-book.

HANMER.

622. *And, stickler-like,*——] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by *Sidney*. "Anthony (says Sir *Tho. North*, in his translation of Plutarch) was himself in person *a stickler*, to part the young men when they had fought enough." They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers—sidesmen*. So again, in a comedy called *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley: "'tis not fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler*."

Again, in the tragedy of *Faire Mariam*, 1613:

"And was the *stickler* 'twixt my heart and him."

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"As *sticklers* in their nation's enmity."

STEEVENS.

The word *stickler* is simply from the verb *stickle*, to take part with, to busy one's self on either side.

REMARKS.

638. *Never go home*, &c.] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

644. ——smile *at Troy!*] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the rest of Troilus's wish, were we to read,

——*smite*

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——*smite* at Troy,
I say, at once! STEEVENS.

656. *Make* wells and *Niobes of the maids and wives,*] I adopt the conjecture of a deceased friend, who would read *welland, i. e.* weeping Niobes. The Saxon termination of the participle in *and,* for *ing,* is common in our old poets, and often corrupted at the press. So, in Spenser:

" His glitter *and* armour shined far away."

Where the common editions have *glitterand.*
WHALLEY.

670. *Hence,* broker *lacquey!*——] So the quarto. The folio has *brother.* JOHNSON.

675. ——*lov'd,*——] Quarto; *desir'd,* folio.
JOHNSON.

691. *Some galled goose of Winchester*——] The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester. POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following passage in one of the old plays, of which my negligence has lost the title:

" Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you?

" I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in *Henry* the Third's days, and many *French* women coming out of the *Isle of Wight* thither, &c. there were many punks in the town," &c.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose.* So, in Chapman's comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive,* 1606:

" ——the

" ——the famous school of England call'd
" Winchester, famous I mean for the *goose*," &c.

Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called *An Execration on Vulcan*:

" ——this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
" That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,
" Bred on the back in time of Popery,
" When Venus there maintain'd a mystery."

In an ancient satire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, bl. let. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots:

" There came such a wynde fro *Winchester*,
" That blewe these women over the ryver,
" In wherye as I wyll you tell:
" Some at saynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,
" And many in *Holborne* were founde,
" Some at saynte *Gyles* I trowe:
" Also in *Ave Mari Aly* and at *Westmenster*;
" And some in *Shordyche* drewe theder,
" With grete lamentacyon;
" And by cause they have lost that fayre place,
" They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in space," &c.

Hence the old proverbial simile, " As common as *Coleman Hedge*:" now *Coleman-Street*. STEEVENS.

There are more hard, bombastical phrases, in the serious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six plays of *Shakspere*. Take the

the following specimens :—*Tortive,—persistive,—protractive,—importless,—insisture,—deracinate,—dividable.* And in the next act,—*past-proportion,—unrespective,—propugnation,—self-assumption,—self-admission,—assubjugate,—kingdom'd,* &c. TYRWHITT.

THE END.

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Bell's Edition.

OTHELLO,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

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MDCCLXXXV.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

OTHELLO.

THE story is taken from *Cynthia's Novels.* POPE.

I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel (the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age of Shakspere; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely. STEEVENS.

I have seen a French translation of *Cynthia*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English. FARMER.

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspere's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any

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modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him, as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Æmilia is such as we often find worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

JOHNSON.

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

DUKE *of Venice.*
BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*
LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*
OTHELLO, *the Moor.*
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*
IAGO, *his Ancient.*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*
MONTANO, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

WOMEN.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*
ÆMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*
BIANCA, *Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.*

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OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. A Street. Enter RODERIGO, *and* IAGO.

Roderigo.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.
Iago. But you'll not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades

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Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators; *for, certes,* says he,
I have already chosen my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and Heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, sir, (bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd

To

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and, when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul:
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spy'd in populous cities.
Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll

have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

[If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:]
If she be in her chamber, or your house,

Let

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Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already:—
Light, I say! light!
Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war
(Which even now stands in act), that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and Servants.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—

With

With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a
father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st
me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more
tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.
Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of
the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother.—O, 'would you had
had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might.—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Another Street. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast marry'd? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate), I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune

As

As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter CASSIO, *with others.*

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends;
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,

To

To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *with Officers.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
[Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison; 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?

How

How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Offi. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Council-Chamber, Duke, and Senators, sitting.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference), yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in;—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter

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Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?
Mes. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesé, is not he in town?
1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us; wish him, post, post-haste: dispatch.
1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome gentle signior;
[*To* BRAB.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[*To* OTHELLO.

Bra.

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Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven

To

To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods,
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak;—
Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt Two or Three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place:— [*Exit* Iago.
And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How did I thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke.

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Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd:
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

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But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too—
Good Brabantio.
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;

Do

Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grize, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk, of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: And though we have there a substitute of most allow'd sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.

Most

Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.
Bra. I will not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear:
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, lords:—I do beseech you, let
Her will have a free way.

Vouch

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young effects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid, feel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord!

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To* BRAB.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt Duke, and Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her:
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, *and* DESDEMONA.

Rod. Iago—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years: and since I could distinguish

guish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manur'd with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long

long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse. —These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be de-

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livered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewel. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewel: put money enough in your purse. [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not, if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;

And

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engenderd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital of Cyprus. A Platform. Enter MONTANO, *and two Gentlemen.*

Montano.

WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:

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I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.
Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.
Mont. How! is this true?
3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronese: Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mont. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mont. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;

Even

Even 'till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends, at least. [*Guns heard.*

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,

And,

And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* ÆMILIA.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!—
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before,

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Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear!—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns heard.*

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.— [*An Attendant goes out.*
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress.
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.
[*Kisses her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago.

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Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd:

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago.

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Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.
Æmil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish? 152

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed; one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself? 159

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may!*
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bid her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;

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She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy husband. —How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—

[*Trumpet.*

The

The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calmness,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!

But I'll let down the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant; as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard: —First, I must tell thee this,—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look

look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position), who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already. 267

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou

thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago.

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Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin),
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
'Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet

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Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Castle. Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas.

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Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
[*To* DESD.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTHEL. *and* DESDEM.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieu-

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tenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit* Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—

Have

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle;—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, *and Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [IAGO *sings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your

Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Cas.

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Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mont. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it,
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter

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Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* ROD.
Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say so
Unto the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,*—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cas. Drunk? [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to* RODERIGO.
[*Exit* RODERIGO.
Nay,

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Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago.

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Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitted men),
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And

And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And Cassio high in oath; which, 'till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back
(For this was brief), I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting: Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:—
Lead him off.— *To* MONTANO, *who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Exit, &c. Manent IAGO, *and* CASSIO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas.

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Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation! 618

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours. 629

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible? 640

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O,

that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her;

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her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements: And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even

Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
As I do now: For, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:—
Nay, get thee gone.— [*Exit* RODERIGO.
Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Castle. Enter CASSIO, *with Musicians.*

Cassio.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general. [*Musick plays; and enter Clown.*

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

Mus. How, sir, how!

Clown,

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Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clown. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago.

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Iago. You have not been a-bed then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in for your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago. I'll send her to you presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*
Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

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Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another [*Room in the Castle. Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* ÆMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des.

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Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, *and* IAGO, *at a Distance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't, you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him: Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth.

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Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home?
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,—
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.
Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.
Des. Æmilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with* ÆMIL.
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago.

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Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed!*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago.

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Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I——perchance, am vicious in my guess
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not), that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—

It

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are mov'd;—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think, but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there's the point: As—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord—I would, I might entreat your honour,
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability),
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With

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With any strong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am),
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter

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Enter DESDEMONA, *and* ÆMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*She drops her Handkerchief.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt* DESD. *and* OTH.

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter

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Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Æmil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* ÆMILIA.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,

Are,

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Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So

So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

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Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may; But, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then,
If

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkies,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances—
Which lead directly to the door of truth—
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry—*O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh, and kiss; and then
Cry—*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

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Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure, it was your wife's), did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that—
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas her's,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!
Iago. Pray, be content.
Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, Iago: [Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose

Act. III. **OTHELLO.** Scene 3.

Ramberg del.t Thornthwaite sculp.t

Mr. HENDERSON in IAGO,

Iago – but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your Wife's) did I to day
see Cassio wipe his beard with.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Novr. 24th. 1785.

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Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,]
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet— [IAGO *kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the Castle. Enter DESDEMONA, ÆMILIA, *and Clown.*

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out? and be edify'd by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and make them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit.*

Des.

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Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Æmilia?

Æmil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes: And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be
Call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of your's requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That

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That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't,
Make

Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to it well.

Des. Then would to heaven, that I had never seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is it lost? is it gone? speak! is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick, to put me from my suit——
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief—
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief—
Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you—
Oth. The handkerchief—
Des. Insooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit* OTHELLO.
Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO, *and* CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That

That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen, the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him——
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
'Tis even so; for let our finger ach,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that sense of pain: Nay, we must think,
Men are not gods:
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Æmilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* ÆMILIA.

Enter

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Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA's *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded

(As

(As like enough, it will), I'd have it copy'd:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not, that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?
Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, *and* IAGO.

Iago.

WILL you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth.

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Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then 'tis her's, my lord; and, being her's,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.
Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

Oth.

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Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief. —To confess, and be hang'd for his labour.—First, to be hang'd, and then—to confess:—I tremble at it.—Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess?—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[*Falls in a Trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;

This

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you—
[*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven!
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know:
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise! 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you a while apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your grief
(A passion most unsuiting such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience:
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss——
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO *withdraws.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Enter

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Enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er; Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
[*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

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Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? Well. [*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand she falls thus about my neck—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of your's, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one.—What do you mean by thus hunting of me?

Bian.

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Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Your's, by this hand: and to see how he prizes

prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing;—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago.

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Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth.

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

[*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile;—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lod.

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Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress—
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say—obedient—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home;—Get you away:
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!—
[*Exit* DESDEMONA.
Cassio shall have my place. And—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies!
[*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.

O What

What he might be—if what he might, he is not—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, *and* ÆMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Æmil.

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither;—go.— [*Exit* ÆMILIA.
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter ÆMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [*To* ÆMIL.] Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:

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Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit* ÆMILIA.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord;
Your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd.
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should

I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee—'Would, thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And

And will not hear it: What committed!—Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Enter Æmilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Æmil. With my lord, madam?

Des.

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Des. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is your's, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Æmilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Enter IAGO, *with* ÆMILIA.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des.

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Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!
Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for it! 460
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company? 470
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Æmil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without, 480

And

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And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form:
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore:
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Des. If 'twere no other—
Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, *and* ÆMILIA.

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Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she hath received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful

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unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night shew it: If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare to do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Castle. *Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, ÆMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des.

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Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O, Desdemona!—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Des. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns—
Pr'ythee, unpin me—have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And

And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas; but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all o' one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow; [Singing.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh-streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
Pr'ythee, hye thee; he'll come anon.—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Æmil.

Æmil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Æmilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition;

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exhibition; but, for all the whole world—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as Would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth; Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then,

Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! 697

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter IAGO, *and* RODERIGO.

Iago.

HERE, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies. 10

[*Stands apart.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

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Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'st.
[*He runs at* CASSIO, *and wounds him.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[*Fight.* CASSIO *wounds* RODERIGO: IAGO *cuts* CASSIO *behind in the Leg, and exit.*

Rod. O, I am slain!

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter OTHELLO, *above.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And

And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit* OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO, *and* GRATIANO, *at a Distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help! 41

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, *with a Light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder? 50

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago! O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To* Lod. *and* Gra.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[Iago *stabs him.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O, O!

Iago. Kill men i'the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter

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Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus; I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter: So—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra.

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Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he!—O, that's well said;—the chair:— [*A Chair brought in.*

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[*To* BIANCA.

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend; What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To* BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [CASSIO *is borne off.*

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Æmilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian.

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Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-Chamber: DESDEMONA *in Bed, asleep. A Light burning. Enter* OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his Sword.*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relumine. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: Once more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have

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Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why, I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception

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That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets then—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth.

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Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive—
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*

ÆMILIA *within.*

My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.
Æmil. What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Æmilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife!
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

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Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I do beseech you I may speak with you.
O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Æmilia:—
Soft—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the Door.*

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now.

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!—

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des.

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Des. A guiltless death I die.
Æmil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Des. No body; I myself; farewel:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewel! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Æmil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Æmil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else:
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.
Æmil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Æmil. My husband?

Oth.

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband.
Æmil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!
My husband say, that she was false?
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband; Do'st understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Æmil. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help, help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, *and others.*

Mont. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Æmil.

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Æmil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought: and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a lie: an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie;
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.
All. O heavens forefend!
Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mont. O monstrous act!
Æmil. Villany, villany, villany!—
I think upon't—I think—I smell't;—O villany!
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany!

Iago.

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [OTHELLO *looking on his Wife.*

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain; did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil.

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Æmil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no,
No, I will speak as liberal as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [IAGO *offers to stab his Wife.*

Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle),
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Æmil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO *stabs his Wife, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife,

Æmil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.
Mont. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt* MON. *and* GRA.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick. *Willow, willow, willow!*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain

Upon

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Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO *brought in*; MONTANO, *with* IAGO *Prisoner*; *and Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth.

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Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's!

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.

I have

I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum: Set you down this;
And say, besides—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus! [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this, [*Falling upon* DESDEM.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To* IAGO.

This

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

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ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

UPON

OTHELLO,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

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MDCC LXXXVII.

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ANNOTATIONS

UPON

OTHELLO.

ACT I.

Line 1. *NEVER tell me,*] The quartos read, *Think*, never tell, &c. STEEVENS.

4. *But you'll not*, &c.] The first quarto reads, *'Sblood* but you, &c. STEEVENS.

9. *Oft capp'd to him;*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads, *Off*-capp'd to him. STEEVENS.

Off-capp'd is, I believe, the true reading. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

"I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes.." MALONE.

To *cap* is to salute, by taking off the cap. It is still an academick phrase. MONCK MASON.

15. —*certes*,] i. e. certainly, obsolete. STEEVENS.

19. *One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*;] This is one of the passages which must for the present be resigned to corruption,

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and obscurity. I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propose. JOHNSON.

The great difficulty is, to understand in what sense any man can be said to be *almost damn'd in a fair wife*; or *fair phyz*, as Sir T. Hanmer proposes to read. I cannot find any ground for supposing that either the one or the other has been reputed to be a damnable sin in any religion. The poet has used the same mode of expression in *The Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. i.

" O! my Anthonio, I do know of those
" Who therefore only are reputed wise,
" For saying nothing; who, I'm very sure,
" If they should speak, would *almost damn* those ears,
" Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."

And there the allusion is evident to the gospel judgment against those, who call their brothers fools. I am therefore inclined to believe, that the true reading here is,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *life*;

and that Shakspere alludes to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those *of whom all men speak well.*

The character of Cassio is certainly such, as would be very likely to draw upon him all the peril of this denunciation, literally understood. Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not sufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors. It may be observed too, that Shakspere has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages,

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passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival. In act v. line 18.

If Cassio do remain,
He hath *a daily beauty in his life*,
That makes me ugly.

I will only add, that however hard or far-fetch'd this allusion (whether Shakspere's, or only mine) may seem to be, archbishop Sheldon had exactly the same conceit, when he made that singular compliment, as the writer calls it, [Biog. Britan. Art. TEMPLE] to a nephew of Sir William Temple, that "he had the curse of the gospel, because all men spoke well of him." TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's ingenious emendation is supported by a passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where *good life* is used for a *fair character*: "Defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your *good life* for ever." MALONE.

The poet, I think, does not appear to have meant Iago to be a Florentine, which has hitherto been inferred from the following passage in act iii. line 42. where Cassio, speaking of Iago, says,

——I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

It is surely not uncommon for us to say, in praise of a foreigner, that we never knew one of our own countrymen of a more friendly disposition. This, I believe, is all that Cassio meant by his observation.

From the already-mentioned passage in act iii. line 292. it is certain (as Sir T. Hanmer has observed) that Iago was a Venetian:

I know

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I know *our country disposition* well;
In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands.

Again, act v. line 95:

Alas! my friend, and my dear *countryman*,
Roderigo, &c.
Gra. What of *Venice?*
Iago. Even he, &c.

That Cassio, however, was *married*, is not sufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*, since they may mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man *very near being married*. This seems to have been the case in respect to Cassio, act iv. line 140. Iago, speaking to him of Bianca, says—*Why the cry goes that you shall marry her*. Cassio acknowledges that such a report has been raised, and adds, *This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and self-flattery, not out of my promise*. Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo.

If Shakspere, however, designed *Bianca* for a courtezan of *Cyprus* (where Cassio had not yet been, and had therefore never seen her) Iago cannot be supposed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and consequently this part of my argument must fall to the ground.

Had Shakspere, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him say that Cassio was *actually damn'd in*

in being married to a handsome woman, he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damn'd*, because he is not *absolutely married*. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character. STEEVENS.

A fellow almost damn'd in a FAIR *wife*] Ingenious as Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture may appear, it but ill accords with the context. Iago is enumerating the disqualifications of Cassio for his new appointment; but surely *his being spoken well of by all men* could not be one of them. It is evident from what follows, that a report had prevailed at Venice, of Cassio's being soon to be married to "the most FAIR Bianca." Now as she was in Shakspere's language "a customer," it was with a view to such a connexion that Iago called the new lieutenant *a fellow almost damn'd*. It may be gathered from various circumstances, that an intercourse between Cassio and Bianca had existed before they left Venice; for Bianca is not only well known to Iago at Cyprus, but she upbraids Cassio, (act iii. line 785.) with having been absent a *week* from her, when he had not been *two days* on the island. Hence, and from what Cassio himself relates (act iv. line 148.)—"*I was, the other day, talking on the* SEA-BANK WITH CERTAIN VENETIANS; *and* THITHER *comes the bauble; by this hand she falls thus about my neck*—"

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neck—" it may be presumed she had secretly followed him to Cyprus: a conclusion not only necessary to explain the passage in question, but to preserve the consistency of the fable at large.——The *sea-bank*, on which Cassio was conversing with certain Venetians, was at Venice; for he had never, till the day before, been at Cyprus: he specifies those with whom he conversed as *Venetians*, because he was himself a *Florentine*, and he mentions the behaviour of Bianca in their presence, as tending to corroborate the report she had spread, that he was soon to marry her. HENLEY.

23. —*theorick*,] *Theorick* for *theory*. So in the *Proceedings against Garnet on the Powder Plot*, "as much deceived in the *Theoricke* of trust, as the lay disciples were in the practicke of conspiracie." STEEVENS.

24. *Wherein the* tongued *consuls*—] So the generality of the impressions read: but the oldest quarto has it *toged*; the senators that assisted the duke in council, in their proper *gowns*. THEOBALD.

Consuls: *the rulers of the state* or civil governors.

The word is used by Marlow, in the same sense, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1591:

"Both we will raigne as *consuls* of the earth."

MALONE.

By *toged*, perhaps, is meant *peaceable*, in opposition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been speaking. He might have formed the word, in allusion to the Latin adage—*Cedant arma togæ*. STEEVENS.

29. —*must be* led *and calm'd*] *Be-lee'd* suits to *calm'd*, and

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and the measure is not less perfect than in many other places. JOHNSON.

Be-lee'd and *becalm'd* are terms of navigation.

I have been inform'd that one vessel is said to be in the *Lee* of another, when it is so placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Cassio had got the wind of him, and *becalm'd* him from going on.

To *becalm* (as I learn from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*) is likewise to obstruct the current of the wind in its passage to a ship, by any contiguous object. STEEVENS.

30. —*this* counter-caster;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters*. To this Shakspere alludes again in *Cymbeline*, act v.

And in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "I wyl cast my *counters*, or with *counters*, make all my reckenynges." STEEVENS.

32. *And I, God bless the mark!*] So the quarto. The folio (to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3d of James I. c. i. which lays a penalty for the profane use of the Name of God in Stage Plays, &c.) reads, "And I, bless the mark." MALONE.

—*bless the mark!*] Kelly, in his comments on Scots proverbs, observes, that the Scots, when they compare person to person, use this exclamation. STEEVENS.

God save the mark!] is used by Hotspur in a similar sense. * * *

32. *his* Moorship's—] The first quarto reads—his *worship's*— STEEVENS.

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35. *by letter* —] *By recommendation* from powerful friends. JOHNSON.

36. *Not by the old gradation,*—] *Old gradation* is *gradation* established by *ancient* practice. JOHNSON.

38. *I in any just term am* affin'd.] *Affined* is the reading of the third quarto and the first folio. The second quarto and all the modern editions have *assign'd.* The meaning is, *Do I stand* within *any such* terms *of propinquity* or *relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?* JOHNSON.

49. *honest knaves.*—] *Knave* is here for *servant,* but with a mixture of sly contempt. JOHNSON.

64. *In compliment extern,*—] In that which I do only for an outward shew of civility. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir *W. D'Avenant's Albovine,* 1629:

" —that in sight *extern*
" A patriarch seems." STEEVENS.

66. *For* daws—] The first quarto reads, for *doves*— STEEVENS.

Doves are still called Doues in the eastern counties of the kingdom by the common people, who both in speaking and writing have but partially admitted the v. * * *

What a full fortune *does the thick-lips* owe?] *Full fortune* is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune; as, in another scene of this play, a *full soldier* is put for a complete soldier. To *owe,* is in ancient language, to *own,* to possess. STEEVENS.

78. *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*
Is spy'd *in populous cities.*] By night and negligence

negligence means, during the time of night and negligence. MONCK MASON.

86. *Are your doors lock'd?*] The first quarto reads, Are *all* doors lock'd? STEEVENS.

90. —*is* burst.]—i. e. broken. *Burst* for *broke* is used in our author's *King Henry* IV. p. 2. "—and then he *burst* his head for crowding among the marshall's men." STEEVENS.

113. *Grange.*]——this is Venice;
My house is not a *grange.*——
STEEVENS.

That is, "you are in a populous city, not in a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed." *Grange* is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery, where the religious reposited their corn. *Grangia*, Lat. from *Granum*. But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm, which stands solitary, a *grange*. WARTON.

So, in T. Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

"Who can blame him to absent himself from home,
"And make his father's house but as a *grange?*"
&c.

And in *Measure for Measure*,

"—at the moated *grange* resides this rejected Mariana." STEEVENS.

119. You'll have you daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse;] Perhaps an allusion to Jeremiah, v. 8.

* * *

120. —*your* nephews *neigh to you:*] *Nephew*, in this

instance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifies a grandson, or any lineal descendant, however remote. So, in Spencer:

"And all the sons of these five brethren reign'd
"By due success, and all their *nephews* late,
"Even thrice eleven descents the crown obtain'd."

Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this sense; and without it, it would not be very easy to shew how *Brabantio* could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jonson likewise uses it with the same meaning. The alliteration in this passage caused Shakspere to have recourse to it. STEEVENS.

121. —gennets *for germans.*] A *jennet* is a Spanish horse. STEEVENS.

122. *What* profane *wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of gross and licentious language?* In that sense Shakspere often uses the word profane. JOHNSON.

It is so used, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

"By the sly justice, and his clerk *profane*."
STEEVENS.

124. —*your daughter and the Moor are making* the beast with two backs.] This is an ancient proverbial expression in the French language, whence Shakspere probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionaire des Proverbes Françoises*, par G. D. B. Brusselles, 1710, 12mo. I find the following article: "Faire la Bête à deux Dos," pour dire faire l'amour. PERCY.

In the *Dictionaire Comique*, par le Roux, 1750, this phrase is more particularly explained under the article *Bête*.

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Bête. " *Faire la bête à deux dos.*—Maniere de parler qui signifie etre couché avec une femme; faire le deduit.—" " Et faisoient tous deux souvent ensemble *la bête à deux dos* joyeusement."—Rabelais, liv. i. There was a translation of Rabelais published in the time of Shakspere. MALONE.

130. *If't be,* &c.] The lines printed in crotchets are not in the first edition, but in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

132. — *this* odd even—] The *even* of *night* is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even* parts. JOHNSON.

Odd is here ambiguously used, as it signifies *strange, uncouth, or unwonted*; and as it is opposed to *even*.

This expression, however explained, is very harsh; and the poet might have written—At this odd *steven*. *Steven* is an ancient word signifying *time*. So, in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*:

" We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
" Here at some unsett *steven*." MALONE.

Again, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edition, verse 1526:

" For al day meten men at unset *steven*."
STEEVENS.

Perhaps midnight is styled the *odd-even* time of night, because it is usually the hour of sleep, which, like death, levels all distinctions, and reduces all mankind, however discriminated, to equality.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" ——yet *death* we fear,
That makes these *odds* all even. MALONE.

Much

Much pains have been taken by some of the editors, especially by Dr. Warburton, to introduce into the text a parcel of obsolete words which Shakspere never dreamed of; for the obscurity of his style does not arise from the frequent use of antiquated terms, but from his peculiar manner of applying and combining the words which he found in common use in this day; and when he deviates from the received language of the times, it is rather by coining some harsh and high sounding words of his own, than by looking back for those which had fallen into disuse. If therefore it be necessary to amend this passage, I should choose to read "at this *dull season*," rather than this *dull steven*, as an expression that would more naturally occur either to Shakspere or to Roderigo. MONCK MASON.

This ODD EVEN is simply the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. HENLEY.

140. *That* from *the sense of all civility*——] That is, *in opposition to*, or *departing from* the sense of all civility. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"But this is *from* my commission——"

Again, in *The Mayor of Quinborough*, by Middleton, 1661:

"But this is *from* my business." MALONE.

145. To *an extravagant*, &c.] The old copies read, *In* an extravagant, &c. Mr. *Pope* made this change, which seems to be necessary.

Extravagant is here used in its Latin signification, for *wandering*. Thus in *Hamlet*: "—The *extravagant* and erring spirit." STEEVENS.

149.

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149. For *thus deluding you.*] The first quarto reads, For *this delusion.* STEEVENS.

157. *To be* produc'd] The folio reads, *producted.* STEEVENS.

159. —some *check,*] Some rebuke. JOHNSON.

160. —cast *him:*—] That is, *dismiss* him; *reject* him. We still say, a *cast* coat, and a *cast* serving-man. JOHNSON.

172. *And what's to come of my* despised *time,*] *Despised time,* is *time of no value*; time in which

"There's nothing serious in mortality,
"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs
"Are left this vault to brag of." JOHNSON.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

———"expire the term
"Of a *despised* life clos'd in my breast."
STEEVENS.

176. —*O, thou deceiv'st me*
Past thought!—] Thus the quarto, 1622, The folio 1623, and the quartos 1630 and 1655, read,

O, she deceives me
Past thought!

I have chosen the apostrophe to his absent daughter as the most spirited of the two readings. STEEVENS.

183. *By which the property of youth and maidhood*
May be abus'd.—]By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and to false imagination: Thus, in *Macbeth,*

"Wicked dreams *abuse*
"The curtain'd sleep." JOHNSON.

183.

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183. —*and maidhood*—] The quartos read—and *manhood*— STEEVENS.

192. *Pray* you, lead on.] The first quarto reads, Pray lead *me* on. STEEVENS.

194. —*of* might.] The first quarto reads—of *night*. STEEVENS.

197. —stuff *o' the* conscience] This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the *conscience is, substance*, or *essence* of the conscience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonick language. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoofd staffen*, or *head stuffs*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *King Henry* VIII.

"You're full of heavenly stuff," &c.

Frisch's *German Dictionary* gives this explanation of the word *staff*, "—materies ex qua aliquid scieri poterit." STEEVENS.

Stuff *o' the conscience* may be explained by the common phrase *a* matter *of conscience*. * * *

208. —*the* magnifico] "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnifici*, i. e. *magnifcoes*." Minshew's *Dictionary*. See too *Volpone*. TOLLET.

210. *As double as the duke's*:—] *Double* has here its natural sense. The president of every deliberative assembly has a *double* voice. In our courts, the chief justice and one of the inferior judges prevail over the other two, because the chief justice has a *double* voice.

Brabantio

Brabantio had, *in his effect*, though not by law, yet by *weight* and *influence*, a voice not *actual* and *formal*, but *potential* and operative, as *double*, that is, a voice that when a question was suspended, would turn the balance as effectually *as the duke's*. *Potential* is used in the sense of science; a *caustick* is called *potential* fire. JOHNSON.

I believe here is a mistake. The chief justice, and one of the inferior judges, do *not* prevail over the other two. The lord-mayor in the court of aldermen has a double voice. TOLLET.

The chief justice has no double voice. If the court is equally divided, nothing is done. BLACKSTONE.

The DOUBLE *voice* of Brabantio refers to the option, which (as being a *magnifico*, he was no less entitled to, than the duke himself) EITHER, of nullifying the marriage of his daughter, contracted without his consent; OR, of subjecting Othello to fine and imprisonment, for having seduced an heiress. HENLEY.

219 —*men of royal* siege;—] Men who have sat upon royal *thrones*. The quarto has,

———*Men of royal* height.

Siege is used for *seat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 575: "—there was set up a throne or *siege royall* for the king." See *Comedy of Errors*. STEEVENS.

219. —*and my* demerits] *Demerits* has the same meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*: See *Coriolanus*. STEEVENS.

220. —*speak*, unbonneted,—] *Bonneter* (says Cotgrave) is to *put off one's* cap. So, in *Coriolanus*:

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"Those who are supple and courteous to the people, *bonneted* without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation."

Unbonneted may therefore signify, *without taking the cap off.* STEEVENS.

223. —*unhoused*—,] Free from *domestick* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

Unhoused, as explained by Dr. Johnson, means free from domestick cares. But, Othello talking as a soldier, *unhoused* may signify the having no settled house or habitation. WHALLEY.

225. *For the sea's worth.*] The same words occur in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"——he would not lose that privilege
"*For the sea's worth.*"

Perhaps the phrase is proverbial.

Pliny the naturalist has a chapter on *the riches of the sea.*

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—for all the sun sees, or
"The close earth wombs, or the *profound sea hides*
"In unknown fathoms, &c."

Again, in *King Henry* V. act i.

"As rich with praise,
"As is the ouse and *bottom of the sea*,
"With sunken wreck, and sumless treasuries."

STEEVENS.

241. —*sequent* messengers] The first quarto reads —*frequent* messengers. STEEVENS.

243.

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248. —*consuls,*] Hanmer reads, *council.* Theobald would have us read *counsellors.* In *Albion's Triumph,* a masque, 1631, the emperor Albanact is said to be *attended by fourteen* consuls:—again, *the habits of the* consuls *were after the same manner.* Geoffery of Monmouth, and Matthew Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *consuls.* STEEVENS.

246. *The senate hath sent out*—] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have,

The senate sent above *three several quests.*

The folio,

The senate hath *sent* about, *&c.* that is, *about* the city. I have adopted the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

Quests are, on this occasion, searches. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age,* 1613;

"Now, if in all his *quests,* he be witheld."—

STEEVENS.

252. —*a land carrack;*—] A *carrack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon.* JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb;*

"——they'll be freighted;

"They're made like *carracks,* all for strength and stowage." STEEVENS.

The first ships that came richly laden from the West-Indies to Europe were those from the Caraccas, part of the Spanish settlements: and some years ago a Caracca ship generally proved a very rich prize.

MONCK MASON.

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256. *To what?*] It is somewhat singular that Cassio should ask this question. See act iii. sc. 3.

" Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
" Know of your love?
" *Oth. From first to last.*

He who was acquainted with the object courted by his friend, could have little reason for doubting to whom he would be married. STEEVENS.

Cassio's seeming ignorance of Othello's courtship or marriage might only be affected; in order to keep his friend's secret, till it became publickly known. BLACKSTONE.

258. *Have with you.*] This expression denotes readiness. See *Richard* III. act iii. and Johnson's note. STEEVENS.

260. —*be advis'd*;] That is, be *cool*; be *cautious*; be *discreet*. JOHNSON.

275. *The wealthy* curled *darlings of our nation,*] *Curled* is *elegantly and ostentatiously dressed*. He had not the hair particularly in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakspere employs the same expression, and evidently alludes to *the hair*:

" If she first meet the curled Antony," &c.

Sir *W. D'Avenant* uses the same expression in his *Just Italian*, 1630:

" The *curl'd* and silken nobles of the town."

Again,

" Such as the *curled* youth of Italy."

I believe Shakspere has the same meaning in the present instance. STEEVENS.

278.

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278. —*to fear,*] *i. e.* to terrify. See *Comedy of Errors.* STEEVENS.

279. *Judge me the world,* &c.] The lines following in crotchets are not in the first edition. POPE.

281. *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*
That weaken motion:] Brabantio is here accusing Othello of having used some foul play, and intoxicated Desdemona by drugs and potions to win her over to his love. But why *drugs* to weaken *motion?* How then could she have run away with him voluntarily from her father's house? Had she been averse to choosing Othello, though he had given her medicines that took away the use of her limbs, might she not still have retained her senses, and opposed the marriage? Her father, it is evident, from several of his speeches, is positive, that she must have been *abused* in her *rational* faculties, or she could not have made so preposterous a choice, as to wed with a Moor, a Black, and refuse the finest young gentlemen in Venice. What then have we to do with her *motion* being weakened? If I understand any thing of the poet's meaning here, I cannot but think he must have wrote:

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken notion.

i. e. her *apprehension,* right *conception* and *idea* of things, *understanding, judgment,* &c. THEOBALD.

Hanmer reads with probability:

That weaken motion. JOHNSON.

Motion in a subsequent scene of this play is used in the very sense in which Hanmer would employ it: "But

" But we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." STEEVENS.

Drugs, or love powders, as they are sometimes called, may operate as inflamers of the blood—may *waken* motion. But I believe no drugs have yet been found out that can fascinate the understanding or affections; that can *weaken* the judgment without entirely subverting it. Opiates, or intoxicating potions may set the senses to sleep, but cannot distort or pervert the intellects, but by destroying them for a time. However, it may be said, that *Brabantio* believed in the efficacy of such drugs, and therefore might, with propriety, talk of their *weakening the understanding*.—The reading proposed by Theobald is, it must be acknowledged, strongly supported by a passage in *King Lear*, act ii.

" His *notion weakens*, his discernings
" Are lethargy'd." MALONE.

To *weaken notion* is, to *impair the faculties*. It was till very lately, and may with some be still an opinion, that philtres, or love potions, have the power of perverting, and of course, weakening or impairing both the sight and judgment, and of procuring fondness or dotage toward any unworthy object who administers them. And by *motion*, Shakspere means the senses which are depraved and weakened by these fascinating mixtures. REMARKS.

In the passages adduced by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, to prove that *motion* signifies *lustful desires*, it may be remarked that the word derives this *peculiar meaning*,

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meaning, either from some epithet, or restrictive mode of expression, with which it stands connected. But, had it been used *absolutely*, in *that sense*, with what consistency could Brabantio attribute the emotions of lust in his daughter, to the irritation of those very philtres, which he, in the self-same breath, represents as abating it?

The *drugs or minerals*, with which Othello is charged as having *abused the delicate youth* of Desdemona, were supposed to have accomplished his purpose, by

" charming her blood with pleasing heaviness."

thereby *weakening* MOTION, that is, *subduing her* MAIDEN PUDENCY, *and lulling her* WONTED COYNESS *into a state of acquiescence.*

That this is the sense of the passage, is further evident from what follows; for so bashful was she of disposition,

——————that her MOTION
Blush'd at herself:

and, therefore, adds Brabantio:

——————I vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her. HENLEY.

285. For *an abuser*, &c.] The first quarto reads, *Such* an abuser, &c. STEEVENS.

290. *You of my* inclining] That is you who are under my command. * * *

301. *To* bring—] The quartos read—To *bear*— STEEVENS.

311.

311. *Bond-slaves, and* pagans,—] Brabantio alludes to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country, both *slaves* and *pagans*; and uses the words in contempt of Othello and his complexion. If this Moor is now suffered to escape with impunity, it will be such an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to see all the first offices of our state filled up by the *pagans* and *bond-slaves* of Africa. STEEVENS.

312. *There is no* composition—] *Composition*, for *consistency, concordancy*. WARBURTON.

319. *As in these cases where they aim reports,*] These Venetians seem to have had a very odd sort of persons in employment, who did all by hazard, as to *what*, and *how*, they should report; for this is the sense of man's *aiming reports*. The true reading, without question, is,

———*where* the *aim reports*.

i. e. *where there is no better ground for information than conjecture:* which not only improves the sense, but, by changing the verb into a noun, and the noun into a verb, mends the expression. WARBURTON.

The folio has,

———*the* aim reports.

But, *they aim reports*, has a sense sufficiently easy and commodious. Where men *report* not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* and conjecture. JOHNSON.

To *aim* is to conjecture. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err."

STEEVENS.

I see

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I see no reason for departing from the reading of the old copy

———*where* the *aim reports.*

Reports is, I apprehend, a verb.—*In these cases where* conjecture *or suspicion* tells the tale.

Aim is again used in this sense, in *Julius Cæsar:*

" What you would work me to, I have some *aim.*"

MALONE.

331. *By Signior Angelo.*] This hemistich is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

334. *By no* assay *of reason.*] Bring it to the *test,* examine it by reason, as we examine metals by the *assay,* it will be found counterfeit by all trials.

JOHNSON.

339. —*facile* question—] *Question* is for the *act of seeking.* With more *easy endeavour.* JOHNSON.

So may he with more facile question bear it,] That is, he may carry with less dispute—with less opposition. I don't see how the word *question* can signify the *art of seeking,* though the word *quest* may.

MONCK MASON.

340. —*For that it stands not,* &c.] The seven following lines are added since the first edition. POPE.

340. —*warlike* brace,] State of defence. To arm was called to *brace on* the armour. JOHNSON.

346. *To wake and* wage, *a danger profitless.*] To *wage* here, as in many other places in Shakspere, signifies to fight, to combat.

Thus, in *King Lear:*

" To *wage* against the enmity of the air."

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It took its rise from the more common expression, to *wage war.* STEEVENS.

352. *Ay so,* &c.] This line is not in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

353. —*they do* re-stem] The quartos mean to read *re-sterne,* though in the first of them the word is misspelt. STEEVENS.

358. *And prays you to* believe *him.*] The late learned and ingenious Mr. Thomas Clark, of Lincoln's-Inn, read the passage thus:

And prays you to relieve *him.*

But the present reading may stand. *He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.* JOHNSON.

362. —*wish him,*] i. e. recommend, desire him. REED.

370. —*general* care.] The word *general,* when used by Shakspere as a substantive, always implies the populace, not the publick: and if it were used here as an adjective, without the word care, it must refer to *grief* in the following line, a word which may properly denote a private sorrow, but not the alarm which a nation is supposed to feel on the approach of a formidable enemy. MONCK MASON.

371. *Take hold*—] The first quarto reads, Take *any* hold— STEEVENS.

382. *Being not,* &c.] This line is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

389. *Stood in your action.*] Were the man exposed to your *charge* or *accusation.* JOHNSON.

401.

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401. *The very head and front of my offending*] The *main*, the *whole*, unextenuated. JOHNSON.

403. *And little bless'd with the* soft *phrase of peace*;] —— *the* set *phrase of peace.*

Soft is the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

To the *set* phrase of peace, no reasonable objection can be made; yet *soft*, which is found in the folio, was, I believe, the author's correction. He uses it for *still* and *calm*, as opposed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——Say to them,
" Thou art their *soldier*, and being bred in *broils*,
" Hast not the *soft* way which thou dost confess
" Were fit for thee to use." MALONE.

406. *Their* dearest *action*—] That is *dear*, for which much is paid, whether money or labour; *dear action*, is action performed at great expence, either of ease or safe. JOHNSON.

I should give these words a more natural explanation, and suppose that they mean their *favourite action* ——the action most dear to them. MONCK MASON.

411. —*unvarnished*—] The second quarto reads—*unravaged*— STEEVENS.

429. *To vouch*, &c.] The first folio unites this speech with the preceding one of *Brabantio*; and instead of *certain* reads *wider*. STEEVENS.

430. —*overt test*,] Open proofs, external evidence. JOHNSON.

431. —*thin habits*——
Of modern seeming—] Weak shew of slight appearance. JOHNSON.

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The first quarto reads:

These are thin habits, and poore likelyhoods
Of modern *seemings you* prefer against him.

STEEVENS.

439. —*the* Sagittary,] Means the sign of the fictitious creatures so called, i. e. an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver.

STEEVENS.

442. *The trust*, &c.] This line is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

447. —*as* truly] The first quarto reads, as *faithful*.

STEEVENS.

448. *I do confess*, &c.] This line is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

459. *Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,*
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes in the imminent deadly breach;]

"—Heu! quibus ille
"Jactatus fatis; qua bella exhausta canebat!"

There are some passages in this speech of Othello that remind me of Virgil's description of Dido's growing passion for Æneas. MONCK MASON.

464. *And portance*, &c.] I have restored,

And with it all my travel's history:

From the old edition. It is in the rest,

And portance in my travel's history:

Rymer, in his criticism on this play, has changed it to *portents*, instead of *portance*. POPE.

Mr. Pope has restored a line to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was

was the author's word in some revised copy. I read thus,

Of being —— sold
To slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in't; my travel's history.

My redemption from slavery, and behaviour in it.

JOHNSON.

Portance, is a word already used in *Coriolanus*, act ii. line 719.

"The apprehension of his present *portance*."

465. *Wherein of antres vast, and* deserts idle, &c.] *Idle* is an epithet used to express the infertility of the chaotick state, in the Saxon translation of the Pentateuch.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"Usurping ivy, briar, or *idle* moss."] STEEVENS

—*antres*—] *Caves* and *dens*. JOHNSON.

469. ——*men whose heads*
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—] Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an English audience before Shakspere introduced them. In the *History of Orlando Furioso*, play'd for the entertainment of Queen *Elizabeth*, they are mentioned in the very first scene; and Raleigh speaks of people whose heads appear *not above* their shoulders.

Again, in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

"Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*,
"With greedy jaws devour the wand'ring wights."

The

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The poet might likewise have read of them in Pliny's *Natural History*, translated by P. Holland, 1601, and in Stowe's *Chronicle*. STEEVENS.

470. ——*These things to hear,*

" Iliacosque, iterum demens audire labores,
" Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore."
MONCK MASON.

474. —*and with a greedy ear*
Devour up my discourse:] So, in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*:

" Hang both your *greedy ears* upon my lips;
" Let them *devour my speech.*" MALONE.

480. *But not* intentively:—] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads, *instinctively*.

The old word, however, may stand. *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. So, in a play called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633: " Grace! at sitting down they cannot *intend* it for hunger," i. e. *attend* to it. Desdemona, who was often called out of the room on the score of house-affairs, could not have heard *Othello*'s tale *intentively*, i. e. with *attention to all its parts*. STEEVENS.

Distinctively is the reading of the second folio. MALONE.

503. *Destruction*, &c.] The quartos read, destruction *light on me*. STEEVENS.

511. *You are the lord of duty,*] The first quarto reads,

You are lord of *all my* duty. STEEVENS.

522.

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522. *Which,* &c.] This line is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

527. *Let me speak like yourself:*—] i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

528. —*as a* grize—] *Grize* from *degrees.* A *grize* is a step. So in *Timon of Athens:*

" ——for every *grize* of fortune
" Is smooth'd by that below."—

In the will of K. Henry VI. where the dimensions of King's College chapel at Cambridge are set down, the word occurs, as spelt in some of the old editions of Shakspere. " —From the provost's stall, unto the *greece* called *Gradus Chori,* 90 feet." STEEVENS.

529. *Into your favour.*] This is wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. JOHNSON.

530. *When remedies are past,* &c.] According to the old proverb:

" What can't be cur'd, must be endur'd."

* * *.

533. *New* mischief on.] The quarto's read—*more* mischief.— STEEVENS.

541. *But the free comfort which from thence he hears:*] But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence. JOHNSON.

546. *That the* bruised *heart was* pierced *through the ear.*] Shakspere was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon; so that very often the reader, who has not the

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the same continuity or succession of ideas, is at a loss for its meaning. Many of Shakspere's uncouth strained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occurred to the poet was this:

The *troubled* heart was never cured by words.

To give it poetical force, he altered the phrase:

The wounded heart was never reached through the ear.

Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruised*, as a more uncommon expression. *Reach* he altered to *touched*, and the transition is then easy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the sentiment is brought to this state, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart*, in its common acceptation, *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonsense, is corrected to *pierced the heart*, which is very stiff, and, as Polonius says, *is a vile phrase*. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

Pierced may be right. The consequence of a *bruise* is sometimes matter collected, and this can no way be cured without *piercing* or letting it out. Thus, in *Hamlet*:

"It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
"While rank corruption, mining all within,
"Infects unseen."

Again,

"This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,

"That

" That inward breaks, and shews no cause without,
" Why the man dies." STEEVENS.

Pierced, I believe, only means, as Sir Joshua Reynolds supposes, *penetrated, thoroughly affected*. The heart being enclosed by the body, the former could not, in a literal sense, be touched but by *piercing* through the latter. Hence our author's figurative use of the word in this place.

The reading of the old copy may derive some support from Shakspere's 46th *Sonnet*, where the contested word again occurs:

" My *heart* doth plead that thou in him doth lie
" (A closet never *pierc'd* by chrystal eye)."

Again, from *Love's Labour Lost:*

" Honest plain words best *pierce* the *ear* of *grief*."

Again, from *The Merchant of Venice:*

" With sweetest touches *pierce* your mistress' *ear*."

The *wounded heart* being reached by counsel, and so healed, through the medium of the *ear*, is just the same kind of conceit, as the *sound heart*'s being transfixed by the shaft of love through the medium of the *eye*.

In Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1591, *pierced* is used nearly in the same figurative sense:

" Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
" Shall want my heart to be with gladness *pierc'd*." MALONE.

555. *To* slubber *the gloss*, &c.] To *slubber*, on this occasion, is to *obscure*. So, in the First Part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

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"The evening too begins to *slubber* day."

STEEVENS.

558. *The flinty and steel couch of war*] So called from the soldier's being reduced to the necessity of sleeping in iron armour, and on flinty ground.

* * *

559. —*thrice-driven bed of down*—:] A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy.

JOHNSON.

559. —*I do* agnize] *i. e.* acknowledge, confess, avow. So, in the old play of *Cambyses*:

"The tenor of your princely will, from you for to *agnize*."

In this instance, however, it signifies to know; as likewise in the following, from the same piece:

"Why so? I pray you let me *agnize*." STEEVENS.

564. *I crave fit disposition for my wife*;

Due reference *of place, and exhibition*, &c.] I desire, that proper *disposition* be made for my wife, that she may have *precedency* and *revenue*, accommodation and *company*, suitable to her rank.

For *reference* of place, the old quartos have *reverence*, which Hanmer has received. I should read,

Due preference *of place*.—— JOHNSON.

Exhibition is allowance. The word is at present used only at the universities. STEEVENS.

574. —*Most* gracious *duke*,

To my unfolding lend a gracious *ear*;] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of

of the same epithet, reads: "—your *prosperous* ear;" *i. e.* your *propitious* ear. STEEVENS.

576. *—a charter in your voice*] Let your favour *privilege* me. JOHNSON.

577. *To assist my simpleness.*] The first quarto reads this, as an unfinished sentence:

And if my simpleness—— STEEVENS.

582. *Even to the very quality of my lord:*] The first quarto reads,

Even to the *utmost pleasure*, &c. STEEVENS.

Quality here may mean *profession*. "I am so much enamoured of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniences incident to a *military life*, and to attend him to the wars." "I cannot mervayle (said lord Essex to Mr. Ashton, a puritan preacher who was sent to him in the Tower) though my protestations are not believed of my enemies, when they so little prevaile with a man of your *quality*." MALONE.

That *quality* here signifies the *Moorish complexion* of Othello, and not his *military profession*, is obvious from what immediately follows:

I saw Othello's *visage* in his mind:

and also from what the Duke says to Brabantio:

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more *fair* than *black*.

Desdemona, in this speech asserts, that the virtues of Othello had subdued her heart, in spite of his visage; and that, to his rank and accomplishments as

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a soldier, she had consecrated her soul and her fortunes. HENLEY.

583. *I saw Othello's visage in his mind:*] It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging; I saw his face only in his mind; the greatness of his character reconciled me to his form. JOHNSON.

591. *Your voices,* lords:] The folio reads, *Let her have your voice.* STEEVENS.

593. *Vouch with me*—] Thus the second quarto and the folio. STEEVENS.

595. *Nor to comply with heat (the young affects*
In me defunct) *and proper satisfaction;*] As this has been hitherto printed and stopped, it seems to me a period of as stubborn nonsense, as the editors have obtruded upon poor Shakspere throughout his works. What a preposterous creature is this Othello made, to fall in love with, and marry a fine young lady, when *appetite* and *heat*, and *proper satisfaction*, are *dead* and *defunct* in him! (For, *defunct* signifies nothing else, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) but if we may take Othello's own word in the affair, he was not reduced to this fatal state.

——*or, for I am declin'd*
Into the vale of years; yet that's not much.

Again, Why should our poet say (for so he says, as the passage has been pointed) that the young *affect* heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no occasion or pretence of *affecting* it. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add so absurd a collateral epithet as *proper?*

But

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But *affects* was not designed there as a verb, and *defunct* was not designed here at all. I have, by reading *distinct* for *defunct*, rescued the poet's text from absurdity; and this I take to be the tenor of what he would say; " I do not beg her company with me, merely to please myself; nor to indulge the heat and *affects* (*i. e.* affections) of a new-married man, in my own distinct and proper satisfaction; but to comply with her in her request, and desire of accompanying me." *Affects* for *affections* our author in several other passages uses. THEOBALD.

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper satisfaction;] *i. e.* with that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raised and created. This is the meaning of *defunct*, which has made all the difficulty of the passage. WARBURTON.

I do not think that Mr. Theobald's emendation clears the text from embarrassment, though it is with a little imaginary improvement received by Hanmer, who reads thus:

Nor to comply with heat, affects the young
In my distinct *and proper satisfaction.*

Dr. Warburton's explanation is not more satisfactory: what made the difficulty will continue to make it. I read,

———*I beg it not,*
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects

In

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In me *defunct*) *and proper satisfaction*;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

Affects stands here, not for *love*, but for *passions*, for that by which any thing is affected. *I ask it not*, says he, *to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires*, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or *for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.*

Mr. Upton had, before me, changed *my* to *me*; but he has printed young *effects*, not seeming to know that *affects* could be a noun. JOHNSON.

Theobald has observed the impropriety of making Othello confess, that all youthful passions were *defunct* in him; and Hanmer's reading may, I think, be received with only a slight alteration, I would read,

———I beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, *and* young *affects*,
In my *distinct* and proper satisfaction;
But to be, &c.

Affects stands for *affections*, and is used in that sense by Ben Jonson in *The Case is altered*, 1609:

There is, however, in *The Bondman*, by Massinger, a passage which seems to countenance and explain ———the young affects in me *defunct*, &c.

" ——youthful heats,
" That look no further than your outward form,
" Are long since *buried* in me."

Timoleon is the speaker. STEEVENS.

I would venture to make the two last lines change places.

I there-

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——I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young *affects*;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
In my *defunct* and proper satisfaction.

And would then recommend it to consideration, whether the word *defunct* (which would be the only remaining difficulty) is not capable of a signification, drawn from the primitive sense of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context.

TYRWHITT.

Othello here supposes, that his petition for the attendance of his bride, might be ascribed to one of these two motives:—either solicitude for the enjoyment of an unconsummated and honourable marriage; —or the mere gratification of a sensual and selfish passion. But, as neither was the true one, he abjures them both:

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it, NOT
To please the palate of my appetite;
NOR to comply with heat (—— ——
—— ——) and proper satisfaction.

The former, having nothing in it unbecoming, he *simply* disclaims; but the latter, ill according with his season of life (for Othello was now *declin'd into the vale of years*) he assigns a reason for renouncing:

——the young affects,
In me *defunct*.——

As if he had said, "I have *outlived* that *wayward impulse*

pulse of passion, by which younger men are stimulated: those

"————*youthful heats,*

"That look no further than the OUTWARD FORM,

"Are long since *buried* in me.

The supreme object of my heart is

—to be free and bounteous to her MIND.

By YOUNG *affects*, the poet clearly means those "YOUTHFUL *lusts*" [τας ΝΕΩΤΕΡΙΚΑΣ επιθυμιας, *cupiditates rei novæ*, thence JUVENILES, and therefore EFFRENES *cupiditates*,] which St. Paul admonishes Timothy to fly from, and the Romans to MORTIFY.

HENLEY.

598. *defend*, &c.] To *defend*, is to forbid. So in Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Prologue*, late edit. ver. 5641:

"Wher can ye seen in any age

"That highe God *defended* mariage,

"By expresse word?"

From *defendre*, Fr. STEEVENS.

600. FOR *she is with me*] This use of the word FOR, in its primary signification, might have furnished an example in *The Diversions of Purley*. HENLEY.

—*when light-wing'd toys*

Of *feather'd Cupid*, seel *with wanton dulness*

My speculative and offic'd *instrument*—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—

——when light-wing'd toys

And feather'd Cupid *foils* with wanton dulness

My speculative and *active* instruments—

All

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All these words (in either copy) mean no more than this: *When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for seeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them,* &c. STEEVENS.

606. —*my* estimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto —*reputation.* STEEVENS.

625. *If virtue no* delighted *beauty lack,*] This is a senseless epithet. We should read belighted *beauty,* i. e. white and fair WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, more plausibly, *delighting.* I do not know that *belighted* has any authority. I should rather read,

If virtue no delight or *beauty lack.*

Delight, for *delectation,* or *power of pleasing,* as it is frequently used. JOHNSON.

There is no such word as—*belighted.* The plain meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itself, then your virtuous son-in-law of course is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted,* for *delighting*; Shakspere often uses the active and passive participles indiscriminately. Of this practice I have already given many instances. The same sentiment seems to occur in the *Twelfth Night:*

"In nature is no blemish, but the mind;
"None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
"*Virtue is beauty.*"——— STEEVENS.

Delighted is used by Shakspere in the sense of *delighting,* or *delightful.* See *Cymbeline,* act v:

" Whom best I love I cross, to make my gift,
" The more delay'd, *delighted.*" TYRWHITT.

628. —*have a quick eye to see*] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads,

———*if thou hast eyes to see.* STEEVENS.

633. —*best advantage.*—] Fairest opportunity. JOHNSON.

651. —*a Guinea-hen,*—] A showy bird with fine feathers. JOHNSON.

A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term for a prostitute. STEEVENS.

663. *If the* balance] The folio reads—If the *brain.* STEEVENS.

Beam, which Mr. Theobald suggested, was probably our author's word, on a revision of his play. MALONE.

669. —*a* sect or *scyon.*] Thus the folio and quarto. A *sect* is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting.* The modern editors read—a *set.* STEEVENS.

677. Defeat *thy* favour *with an* usurped beard:] *Favour* here means that combination of features which gives the face its distinguishing character. *Defeat,* from *defaire,* in French, signifies to unmake, decompose, or give a different appearance to, either by taking away something, or adding. Thus, in Don Quixotte, Cardenio *defeated* his *favour* by cutting off his beard, and the Barber his, by putting one on. The beard which Mr. Ashton *usurped,* when he escaped from the Tower, gave so different an appearance to his face, that he passed through his guards without

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without the least suspicion. In the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus had recourse to an expedient like Cardenio's (as appears from the *pocketing up his pedlar's excrement*) to prevent his being known in the garb of the prince. HENLEY.

681. —*it was a violent* commencement *in her, and thou shalt see an answerable* sequestration.—] There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, *it was a violent* conjunction, *and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration*; or, what seems to me preferable, *it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable* sequel. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet uses *sequestration* for *sequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *sequor*. *Sequestration*, however, may mean no more than *separation*. So, in this play—" a *sequester* from liberty." STEEVENS.

686. —*as luscious as locusts*—] Whether you understand by this the insect or the fruit, it cannot be given as an instance of a delicious morsel, notwithstanding the exaggerations of lying travellers. The true reading is *lohocks*, a very pleasant confection introduced into medicine by the Arabian physicians; and so very fitly opposed both to the bitterness and use of coloquintida. WARBURTON.

The censure of the learned Bishop upon travellers is here certainly misplaced; nor is he more fortunate in his proposed emendation. That viscous substance which the pod of the locust contains, is, perhaps, of

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all others the most *luscious*. From its likeness to honey, in consistency and flavour, the *locust* is called the *honey-tree* also. Its seeds, enclosed in a long pod, lie bedded in the juice. HENLEY.

687. —bitter *as coloquintida.*] The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida. STEEVENS.

694. —*betwixt an* erring *Barbarian*——] We should read *errant*; that is, a vagabond, one who has no house nor country. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, *arrant*. *Erring* is as well as either. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*

" Th' extravagant and *erring* spirit hies
" To his confine." STEEVENS.

An *erring Barbarian*; perhaps meaning a *rover* from *Barbary*. He had before said, " You'll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horse." MALONE.

The word *erring* is sufficiently explained by a passage in the first scene of the play, where Roderigo tells Brabantio that his daughter was

Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortune,
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger.

Erring is the same as *erraticus* in Latin.

The word *erring* is used in the same sense in some of Orlando's verses in *As You Like It:*

" Tongues I'll hang on ev'ry tree,
" That shall civil sayings shew;
" Some, how brief the life of man
" Runs his *erring* pilgrimage."

MONCK MASON.

700.

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700. —*If I depend on the issue?*] These words are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

705. —*conjunctive.*] The first quarto reads, *communicative.* STEEVENS.

715. *What say you?*] This speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

717. *I am chang'd.*] This is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

718. *Go to; farewel: put money enough in your purse.*] The folio omits this line. STEEVENS.

729. —*to* plume *up*, &c.] The first quarto reads —to *make* up, &c. STEEVENS.

735. *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The first quarto reads,

The Moor, a free and open nature too,
That thinks, &c. STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 8. —*WHEN mountains melt on them,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

"—when *the huge mountain melts.*"

This latter reading might be countenanced by the following passage in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*

"———the

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" ———the continent,
" Weary of solid firmness, *melt* itself
" Into the sea."——— STEEVENS.

The quarto is surely the better reading; it conveys a more natural image, more poetically expressed. Every man who has been on board a vessel in the Bay of Biscay, or in any very high sea, must know that the vast billows seem to melt away from the ship, not on it. MONCK MASON.

11. —*the* foaming *shore.*] The elder quarto reads —*banning* shore, which offers the bolder image; *i. e.* the shore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I.

" Fell, *banning* hag, enchantress hold thy tongue,"
STEEVENS.

15. *And quench the guards of the ever*-fixed *pole:*] Alluding to the star *Arctophylax.* JOHNSON.

The elder quarto reads—ever-*fir'd* pole.
STEEVENS.

27. *The ship is here put in,*
A Veronese: Michael Cassio, &c.] The author of *The Revisal* is of opinion, that the poet intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant, Cassio, was of Verona, an inland city of the Venetian state; and adds, that the editors have not been pleased to say what kind of ship is here denoted by a *Veronessa.* By a *Veronessa* or *Veronesè* (for the Italian pronunciation must be retained, otherwise the measure will be defective) a ship of Verona is denoted; as we say to this

this day of ships in the river, such a one is a *Dutchman*, a *Jamaica-man*, &c. STEEVENS.

Veronessa, a ship of Verona. But the true reading is *Veronese*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

——The ship is here put in,
A *Veronesè*.——

It was common to introduce *Italian* words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. See Spenser in the Faerie Queen, b. iii. c. xiii. 10.

" With sleeves dependent *Albanesè wise*."

The poet had not a ship in his thoughts.—He intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant, Cassio, was *of Verona*. We should certainly read,

" The ship is here put in.
" A Veronese, Michael *Cassio*, (&c.)
" Is come on shore."——

This regulation of the lines is ingenious. But I agree with Hanmer, and I think it appears from many parts of the play, that Cassio was a Florentine. In this speech, the *third gentleman*, who brings the news of the wreck of the Turkish fleet, returns his tale, and relates the circumstances more distinctly. In his *former* speech he says, " *A noble ship of Venice* saw the distress of the Turks." And here he adds, " The very ship is just now put into our port, and she is a *Veronese*." That is, a ship fitted out or furnished by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian state.

WARTON.

I believe we are all wrong. *Verona* is an inland city. Every inconsistency may, however, be avoided,

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ed, if we read *The* Veronessa, *i. e.* the *name* of the ship is the *Veronessa*. Verona, however, might be obliged to furnish ships towards the general defence of Italy. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens is acute, but Shakspere's acquaintance with the topography of Italy (as appears from the Tempest) was very imperfect. Had any one objected to him against the reading in the text, that Verona was not a maritime city, he would probably have replied, as did Corporal Trim, in respect to Bohemia—"but it might have happened otherwise, if it had pleased God."

HENLEY.

42. *Even till we make the main*, &c.] This line and half is wanting in the eldest quarto. STEEVENS.

47. —warlike *isle*,] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*worthy* isle. STEEVENS.

52. *His bark is stoutly timber'd,*———
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.] I do not understand these lines. I know not how *hope* can be *surfeited to death*, that is, *can be increased, till it is destroyed*; nor what it is *to stand in bold cure*; or why *hope* should be considered as a disease. In the copies there is no variation. Shall we read,

Therefore my fears, *not surfeited to death,*
Stand in bold cure?

This is better, but it is not well. Shall we strike a bolder stroke, and read thus:

Therefore

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Therefore my hopes, not forfeited *to death,*
Stand bold, not sure. JOHNSON.

Therefore my hopes not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.] Presumptuous hopes, which have no foundation in probability, may be said to surfeit themselves to death, or forward their own dissolution. To *stand in bold cure,* is to erect themselves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expression occurs in *K. Lear,* act iii.

"This rest might yet have balm'd his broken senses,
"Which, if conveniency will not allow,
"*Stand in hard cure.*"

Again,

—his life, with thine, &c.
Stand in assured loss.

In bold cure means, in confidence of being cured.
STEEVENS.

A surfeit being a sickness arising from an *excessive* over-charge of the stomach, the author, with his usual licence, uses it for any species of *excess.*—The meaning, I think, is—*Therefore my hopes, not being destroyed by their own excess, but being reasonable and moderate, are like to be fulfilled.*

Or rather,

—*Therefore my hopes of his safety, which indeed are faint and weak, but not entirely destroyed by excess of despondency, may chance to be fulfilled.*

The word *surfeit* having occurred to Shakspere, led him to consider such a hope as Cassio entertained (not

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a sanguine, but a faint and languid, hope—"*sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought*"), as a *disease*, and to talk of its *cure*. A passage in *Twelfth Night*, &c. where a similar phraseology is used, may serve to strengthen this interpretation, while at the same time it shews that there is here no corruption in the text:

"Give me *excess* of it; that *surfeiting*,
"The appetite may *sicken*, and so *die*."

MALONE.

I believe that Solomon, upon this occasion, will be found the best interpreter.—"*Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.*" HENLEY.

53. *Of very expert and approv'd allowance*;] I read,

Very expert, and of approv'd allowance. JOHNSON.

Expert and approv'd allowance is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertness*. This mode of expression is not unfrequent in Shakspere. STEEVENS.

70. *And in the* essential *vesture of creation,*
Does bear all excellency——] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this:

And in the essential vesture of creation
Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus,

Does tire the ingenious *verse.*

This is the best reading, and that which the author substituted in his revisal. JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wish some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place

a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to signify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dress*. The verb *to attire*, is often so abbreviated.

The essential vesture of creation tempts me to believe it was so used on the present occasion. I would read something like this:

And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingenuous virtue.

i. e. invests her artless virtue in the fairest form of earthly substance. See *Merchant of Venice*, act v.

It may, however, be observed, that the word *ingener* did not anciently signify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious person*, any *master of liberal science*.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, act i. sc. 1.

"No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,
"We want the fine arts," &c.

Ingener, therefore, may be the true reading of this passage: and a similar thought occurs in the *Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1.

"For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
"And make it *halt* behind her."

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Jonson likewise says, that his hero "worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the poet wrote:

Does tire the *ingene ever*.

This is very near the word exhibited by the folio. MALONE.

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The reading of the folio, though incorrectly spelled, appears to have been,

Does *tire* the *engineer*;

which is preferable to either of the proposed amendments; and the meaning of the passage would then be, "One whose real perfections were so excellent, that to blazon them would exceed the abilities of the ablest masters."

The sense attributed to the word *tire*, according to this reading, is perfectly agreeable to the language of poetry. The objection to the reading of *ingener*, is, that although we find the words *ingine*, *inginer*, and *inginous* in Jonson, they are not the language of Shakspere; and I believe, indeed, that Jonson is singular in the use of them. MONCK MASON.

Does tire the *ingenieur*.] Whoever shall reject uncommon expressions in the writings of Shakspere, because they differ either from the exact rules of orthography, or from the unsettled mode of spelling them by other writers, will be found to deprive him no less of his beauties, than that ornithologist would the peacock, who should cut out every eye of his train because it was either not circular, or else varied from some imaginary standard.—*Ingenieur* is no doubt of the same import with *ingener* or *ingeneer*, though perhaps differently written by Shakspere in reference to *ingenious*, and to distinguish it from *ingeneer*, which he has elsewhere used in a *military* sense. Mr. M. Mason's objection, that it is not the language of Shakspere, is more than begging

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begging the question; and to affirm that Jonson is singular in the use of *ingine, inginer,* and *inginous,* is as little to the purpose. For we not only have those expressions in other writers, but others from the same root, as *ingene, engene,* &c. in Holinshed, and Sir T. Moore; and Daniel uses *ingeniate*:

Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheek
Did Nature (for this good) *ingeniate,*
To shew in thee the glory of her best.

HENLEY.

76. *Traitors ensteep'd*——] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The first copy reads—*enscerped,* of which every reader may make what he pleases. Perhaps *enscerped* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escarpe,* which Shakspere, not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed. STEEVENS.

The gutter'd rocks, &c.

Traitors ensteep'd *to clog the guiltless keel,*] A similar idea occurs in one of Gay's ballads:

How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain!
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Mr. Steevens's difficulty respecting *ensteep'd,* would, perhaps, have been removed, if he had but recollected

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ed the passage of the fourth act, where Othello alludes to the fate of Tantalus.

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips. —

HENLEY.

77. *Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,*
As having SENSE of beauty, *do omit*
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The DIVINE *Desdemona.*] How much is this in the spirit of Lucretius, when he thus apostrophises Venus:

Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum; ——————
——————*tibi rident æquora ponti,*
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum. HENLEY.

87. *Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,*] Thus the folio. The quarto with less animation:

And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms.

STEEVENS.

89. *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This passage is only found in the quartos. STEEVENS.

105. *See for the news.*] The first quarto reads, *So speaks this voice.* STEEVENS.

114. *In faith, too much;*] Thus the folio. The first quarto thus:

I know too much;
I find it, *I*; *for when*, &c. STEEVENS.

122. *Saints in your injuries*, &c.] When you have a mind

a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity.
JOHNSON.

124. *O, fie upon thee, slanderer!*] This short speech is, in the quarto, unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Æmilia* as to *Desdemona*. STEEVENS.

131. —*critical.*] That is, *censorious*. JOHNSON.

145. —*her blackness fit.*] The first quarto reads *hit*. STEEVENS.

148. *She never yet was foolish*, &c.] The law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, since the foolishest woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish. JOHNSON.

156. *But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed?*] The hint for this question, and the metrical reply of Iago is taken from a strange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606; when after *Tidero* has described many ridiculous characters in verse, *Arnofilo* asks him, "But, I pray thee, didst thou write none in commendation of some worthy creature?" *Tidero* then proceeds like Iago to repeat more verses.
STEEVENS.

158. ——*put on* the vouch.] To *put on* is to *provoke*, to *incite*. So in *Macbeth*:

"———the powers above
"*Put on* their instruments." STEEVENS.

167. *To change the* cod's head *for the* salmon's tail;] *i. e.* to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare.
STEEVENS.

169.

169. *See suitors following, and not look behind*;] The first quarto omits this line. STEEVENS.

172. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was at the best, of no other use, than *to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household.* The expressions *to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer,* are only instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows himself to be possessed of, where he says, *O! I am nothing, if not critical.* STEEVENS.

175. —*profane*—] Gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. So Brabantio, in the first act, calls Iago *profane* wretch. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson, in describing the characters in *Every Man out of his Humour,* styles Carlo Buffone, a publick, scurrilous, and *profane* jester. STEEVENS.

176. —liberal *counsellor?*] *Liberal* for *licentious.* WARBURTON.

How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?] But in what respect was Iago a *counsellor?* He caps sentences, indeed: but they are not by way of *advice,* but *description:* what he says, is, reflections on character and conduct in life. For this reason, I am very apt to think, our author wrote *censurer.* THEOBALD.

Counsellor seems to mean, not so much a man that *gives counsel,* as one that discourses fearlesly and volubly. A talker. JOHNSON.

Counsellor

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Counsellor is here used in the common acceptation. Desdemona refers to the answers she had received from Iago, and particularly her last. HENLEY.

182. —*I will* gyve *thee*—] *i. e.* catch, shackle. POPE.

The first quarto reads, "I will *catch* you in your own *courtesies*;" the second quarto, "I will *catch* you in your own courtship." The folio as it is in the text. STEEVENS.

186. *To play the sir in.*] That is—to shew your good breeding and gallantry. HENLEY.

187. —*well kiss'd* and *excellent courtesy*;—] This I think should be printed, *well kiss'd!* an *excellent courtesy!* Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtesies. JOHNSON.

The old quarto confirms Dr. Johnson's emendation. STEEVENS.

198. —*calmness,*] The folio reads *calmes.* MALONE.

202. ——*If it were now to die,*
'Twere now to be most happy.] So Cherea, in *The Eunuch of Terence*, act iii. sc. 5.

"Proh, Jupiter!
"Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfeci,
"Ne vitâ aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine." MALONE.

213. *And this, and this,* &c. *Kissing her.*] So, in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion:*

" I pr'ythee chide if I have done amiss,
" But let my punishment be *this—and this.*"
" [*Kissing the Moor.*"
MALONE.

Marlow's play was written before that of Shakspere, who might possibly have acted in it. STEEVENS.

219. *News, friends*;] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now, friends.* I would observe once for all, that (in numberless instances in this play, as well as in others) where my predecessors had silently and without reason made alterations, I have as silently restored the old readings. STEEVENS.

223. *I prattle out of fashion.*—] Out of method, without any settled order of discourse. JOHNSON.

226. *—the master—*] The pilot of the ship. JOHNSON.

234. *—the court of guard—*] *i. e.* the place where the guard musters. STEEVENS.

238. *Lay thy finger thus—*] On thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wiser man. JOHNSON.

241. *And will she love him still for prating?*] The folio reads—*To love him still for prating.* STEEVENS.

244. *When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be* a game *to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite; loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties*;—] This, it is true, is the reading of the generality of the copies: but, methinks, it is a very peculiar experiment, when the blood and spirits are dulled and exhausted with sport, to raise and recruit them by sport: for *sport* and *game* are but two

two words for the same thing. I have retrieved the pointing and reading of the elder quarto, which certainly gives us the poet's sense; that when the blood is dulled with the exercise of pleasure, there should be proper incentives on each side to raise it *again*, as the charms of beauty, equality of years, and agreement of manners and disposition; which are wanting in Othello to rekindle Desdemona's passion.

THEOBALD.

245. —again *to inflame it,*] Thus the quarto 1622. It is the folio reads—*a game.* STEEVENS.

265. —*green minds*—] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed. JOHNSON.

269. —*condition.*] Qualities, disposition of mind. JOHNSON.

276. —*an index and obscure prologue*, &c.] That indexes were formerly *prefixed* to books, appears from a passage in *Troilus and Cressida.* MALONE.

287. —*tainting*—] Throwing a slur upon his discipline. JOHNSON.

288. —*other* course—] The first quarto reads, *cause.* STEEVENS.

291. —*sudden in choler*;—] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent. JOHNSON.

295. —*whose* qualification *shall come*, &c.] Whose resentment shall not be so *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well tasted*, as not to retain *some bitterness*. The phrase is harsh, at least to our ears. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *qualification* means *fitness to preserve good order*, or *the regularity of military discipline.* STEEVENS.

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317. —*like a poisonous mineral*—] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion.

JOHNSON.

319. *'Till I am* even *with him,*] Thus the quarto, 1622; the first folio reads:

'Till I am *even'd* with him.

i. e. 'Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

STEEVENS.

323. *If this poor* trash *of Venice, whom I* trace

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,] Dr. Warburton, with his usual happy sagacity, turned the old reading *trash* into *brach*. But it seems to me, that *trash* belongs to another part of the line, and that we should read *trash* for *trace*. The old quartos (in the same part of the line) read *crush*, signifying indeed the same as *trash*, but plainly corrupted from it. To *trash* a *hound* is a term of hunting still used in the North, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to correct, to *rate*. *Crush* was never the *technical* expression on this occasion; and only found a place here as a more familiar word with the Printers. The sense is, "If this hound Roderigo, whom I *rate* for *quick* hunting, for over-running the scent, will but *stand* the *putting on*, will but have patience to be fairly and properly put upon the scent, &c." This very hunting term to *trash*, is metaphorically applied by our author in *The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

"Being once perfected how to grant suits,
"How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom
"To *trash* for *overtopping*.

To

To trash for overtopping, i. e. "What suitors to check for their too great forwardness." Here another phrase of the field is joined with *to trash*. To *overtop* is when a hound gives his tongue above the rest, too loudly or too readily; for which he ought to be *trash'd* or rated. *Topper*, in the good sense of the word, is a common name for a hound. Shakspere is fond of allusions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. This explication of *trash* illustrates a passage in the Bonduca of Beaumont and Fletcher, which has been hitherto misunderstood and misrepresented; and where the use of the word equally reflects light on our author. Act i. sc. 1.

"*Car.* I fled too,
"But not so fast: your jewel had been lost then,
"Young *Hengo* there; he *trash'd* me."

Here Bonduca and Nennius are accusing Caratach of running away from the Romans. Caratach answers, "It is very true, Nennius, that I fled from the Romans.—But recollect, I did not run so fast as you pretend: I soon stood still to defend your favourite youth *Hengo*:—He STOPPED my *flight*, and I saved his life." In this passage, where *trash* properly signifies *check*, the commentators substitute *trace*: a correction, which entirely destroys the force of the context, and the spirit of the reply. WARTON.

To *trash* likewise signifies to *follow*. So, in the *Puritan*, 1605: "A guarded lackey to run before it, and py'd liveries to come *trashing* after it." The repetition of the word *trash* is much in Shakspere's manner,

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manner, though in his worst. In a subsequent scene, Iago calls Bianca—*trash.* STEEVENS.

325. *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;*] A phrase from the art of wrestling. JOHNSON.

326. *Rank garb*] I believe, means, *grossly*, i. e. *without mincing the matter.* So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Whither, in the *rank* name of madness, whither?"
STEEVENS.

332. *Knavery's plain face is never seen*—] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

335. —mere *perdition*—] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire.* See *Henry VIII.* act iii. line 598, &c.
STEEVENS.

338. —*his* addiction] The first quarto reads, his *mind.* STEEVENS.

359. *Our general* cast us—] That is, *appointed us to our stations.* To *cast the play*, is, in the style of the theatres, to assign to every actor his proper part.
JOHNSON.

Perhaps *cast* us, only means dismissed us, or *got rid of our company.* So, in one of the following scenes, "You are but now *cast* in his mood;" i. e. *turn'd out of your office in his anger*; and in the first scene it means to *dismiss.* STEEVENS.

370. —*an alarum*—] The *voice* may *sound* an *alarum* more properly than the *eye* can *sound* a *parley.*
JOHNSON.

The

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The eye is often said to *speak*. Thus we frequently hear of the *language* of the *eye*. Surely that which can *talk* may, without any violent stretch of the figure, be allowed to *sound a parley*. The folio reads *parley to provocation*. REMARKS.

370. —*is it not an alarum to love?*—] The quartos read—*'tis* an alarm to love. STEEVENS.

384. —*craftily qualified*—] Slily mixed with water. JOHNSON.

399. *Three* lads *of Cyprus*,] The folio reads—Three *else* of Cyprus. STEEVENS.

401. *The very elements*—] As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water. JOHNSON.

406. *If consequence do but approve my* dream,] Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*. JOHNSON.

408. —*given me* a rouse, &c.] A *rouse* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large.

So in *Hamlet*, and in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

"——our friends may tell
"We drank a *rouse* to them." STEEVENS.

416. *A life's but a span*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

"*Oh, man's* life's but a span." STEEVENS.

424. —*so exquisite*—] The quarto reads, *so expert*. STEEVENS.

434. *King Stephen*, &c.] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work, entitled, *Relicks of*

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of Ancient Poetry, consisting of old heroick ballads, songs, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "*King Stephen* wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly." STEEVENS.

437. —*lown.*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

476. *He'll watch the horologe a double set,*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uses the word *horologe* in more places than one.

"Well sikerer was his crowing in his loge

"Than is a clock or abbey *horologe*." JOHNSON.

487. —*ingraft infirmity*:] An infirmity *rooted*, *settled* in his constitution. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation seems to fall short of the poet's meaning. The qualities of a tree are so changed by grafting, that its fruit loses the properties of the original stock, and assumes those of the graft in their stead. Conformably to this idea, is the assertion of Hamlet concerning the same vice in his countrymen:

"They clepe us drunkards, &c." HENLEY.

496. —*into a twiggen bottle.*] A twiggen bottle is a *wicker'd bottle*; and so the quarto reads. STEEVENS.

509. —*Diablo*—] I meet with this exclamation in Marlow's *King Edward II.* 1622: "*Diablo?* what passions call you these?" STEEVENS.

513.

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513. —*I am hurt to death*—he dies.] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded, yet by these words he seems determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagonist *Cassio*. So when *Roderigo* runs at *Cassio*, in the 5th act, he says—"Villain, thou dy'st." TOLLET.

He dies, i. e. he shall die. He may be supposed to say this as he is offering to renew the fight. STEEVENS.

The first quarto reads—

'*Zounds*, I bleed still; I am hurt to death.

And adds in the margin—*he faints*. This shews that the words—*he dies*—were at first ignorantly inserted by the editors of the folio (where alone they are found) who were misled by Cassio's saying that he was "hurt to death;" and afterwards thinking it necessary to omit the oath that originally stood in this line, they absurdly supplied its place, by introducing this improper marginal direction into the text. MALONE.

516. —*all sense of place and duty?*] So Hanmer. The rest,

——*all place of sense and duty?* JOHNSON.

522. —*to carve* forth *his own rage*,] So the quarto. The reading of the folio—*for* his own rage, is perhaps better. MALONE.

524. ——*it frights the isle*

From her propriety.]—From her regular and *proper state*. JOHNSON.

529. *In quarter*—] In their quarters; at their lodging. JOHNSON.

Rather at *peace, quiet*. They had been on that very

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spot (the court or platform, it is presumed, before the castle) ever since Othello left them, which can scarcely be called being *in their quarters*, or *at their lodging*. REMARKS.

It required one example, if no more, to evince that *in quarter* ever signified *quiet, at peace*.—Perhaps the tomohawk of criticism has never been thrown with more desperate dexterity than by this very Remarker, whose oscitancy in this instance exposes him to a severe retaliation. But little attention would have shewn, that the *them*, whom he speaks of Othello's having left, was *only* Cassio; who, being joined by Iago, where Othello (but not on the *platform*) had just left him, is dissuaded from setting the watch immediately; entreated to partake of a stoop of wine, in company with a brace of Cyprus gallants, then waiting without; and prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to invite them in. In this apartment the carousal happens, and wine is repeatedly called for, till at last Cassio, finding its too powerful effects, goes out to set the watch. At the proposal of Montano, himself and Iago follow Cassio towards the platform, and the latter sets on Roderigo to insult him. The scuffle ensues; an alarm is given, and Othello comes forth to inquire the cause. When, therefore, Iago answers:

I do not know:—friends all but now, even now
In *quarter*—

it is evident the *quarter* referred to, was *that apartment of the castle assigned to the officers on guard*, where Othello, after giving Cassio his orders, had, a little before,

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before, left him; and where Iago, with his companions, immediately found him. HENLEY.

537. *—you are thus forgot?*] i. e. you have thus forgot yourself. STEEVENS.

543. *That you unlace—*] Slacken, or *loosen.* Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps strip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson gives no reason for this interpretation. I believe that *unlace* in this passage means—"You UNLESS or ONLES your reputation," from the verb *Onleran.* HORNE TOOKE.

544. *—spend your rich opinion—*] Throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

551. *—self charity—*] Care of one's self. JOHNSON.

556. *And passion, having my best judgment* collied,] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. The word is used in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream:*

"——like lightning in the *collied* night."

To *colly* anciently signified to *besmut, to blacken as with coal.* So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love,* 1608.——"carry thy link a't'other side the way, thou *collow'st* me and my ruffe." The word (as I am assured) is still used in the midland counties.—*Colly,* however, is from *coal,* as *collier.* STEEVENS.

561. *—he that is* approv'd *in this offence,*] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence. JOHNSON.

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566. —*and on the court* and guard of *safety!*] This, it must be confessed, is the reading of all the old copies. Yet I have no doubt that the words were transposed by mistake at the press, when the first quarto was printed, which the other editions have followed. I would read:

——on *the court of guard* and safety.

The *court of guard* was formerly a military phrase, meaning *the guard-room*. The same phrase having occurred already in this play, act ii. line 232. puts the emendation proposed beyond a doubt: "—the lieutenant to-night watches on *the court of guard*."— A similar mistake has happened again in the present scene, where, in the old copy we find—

Have you forgot all *place of sense* and duty?

instead of—all *sense of place*, &c. MALONE.

As a collocation of words as seemingly perverse occurs in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and is justified there, in the following instance——

"I shall desire *you of* more acquaintance."

I forbear to disturb the text in the passage under consideration. STEEVENS.

568. *If partially* affin'd—] *Affin'd* is bound by proximity of relationship; but here it means related by nearness of office. In the first scene it is used in the former of these senses:

"If I, in any just term, am *affin'd*
"To love the Moor." STEEVENS.

607. *Lead him off.*] I am persuaded, these words were originally a marginal direction. In our old plays

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plays all the stage directions were couched in imperative terms :—*Play musick—Ring the bell*—Lead him off.

MALONE.

620. —*there is more* offence, &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—there is more *sense*, &c.

STEEVENS.

626. —*cast in his mood*—] Ejected in his anger.

JOHNSON.

632. —*and speak, parrot?*] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. So Skelton,

" These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,

" Freshly they dress and make sweete my houre,

" With *spake parrot* I pray you full courteously thei saye." WARBURTON.

670. —*for that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and* devotement, *of her parts and graces.*—] I remember, it is said of Antony, in the beginning of his tragedy, that he who used to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war :

" ——now bends, now turns,

" The office and *devotion* of their view

" Upon a strumpet's front."

This is finely expressed; but I cannot persuade myself that our poet would ever have said, any one *devoted* himself to the *devotement* of any thing. All the copies agree; but the mistake certainly arose from a single letter being turned upside down at press.

THEOBALD.

692. —*this advice is free*—] This counsel has an appearance

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appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will.
JOHNSON.

Rather *gratis, not paid for*, as his advice to Roderigo was. HENLEY.

693. *Probable*] The old editions concur in reading *probal*. There may be such a contraction of the word, but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet, abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers.
STEEVENS.

696. *fruitful*] Corresponding to *benignus*, αφθονος.
HENLEY.

697. —*free elements:*] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced.
JOHNSON.

704. —*to this* parallel *course,*] i. e. a course level, and even with his design. JOHNSON.

706. *When devils will their blackest sins* put on,
They do suggest—] When devils would *instigate* men to the commission of the most atrocious crimes. To *suggest*, in old language, is to *tempt*.
MALONE.

711. *I'll pour this pestilence*—] Pestilence, for poison. WARBURTON.

712. *That she* repeals *him*—] That is, recalls him.
JOHNSON.

717. *That shall enmesh them all.*—] A metaphor from taking birds in meshes. POPE.

Why not from the taking fish, for which purpose nets are more frequently used? MONCK MASON.

723.

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723. —*a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—and *with that wit.* STEEVENS.

731. *Though other things grow fair against the sun,*
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.]
Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fairer against the sun.* Hanmer has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment; for he reads,

Those fruits which blossom first, are not first *ripe.*

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Hanmer. JOHNSON.

741. —will *draw*] The old copies read—*to* draw, which may be right, and consistent with the tenor of this interrupted speech. Iago is still debating with himself concerning the means to perplex Othello. STEEVENS.

742. *bring him* jump] *Unexpectedly:*—an expression taken from the bound, or start, with which we are shocked, at the sudden and unlooked-for appearance of any offensive object. HENLEY.

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ACT III.

Line 3. *WHY, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?*] The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples.

JOHNSON.

When Mr. Stuart, in sifting the grounds of evidence relative to the Douglas cause, pressed Menager to account for La Marr's assertion, that he had passed ten months at *Naples*, though he never had been in Italy:—the answer was, "that his friend was very much of a *libertin*, and that he had often suffered by the *maladie venerienne*; and that as that disease in France often goes under the name of the *maladie de Naples*, from whence it came, La Marr, by the *voyage de Naples*, had probably meant to intimate, that he had lately *passé le grand remede pour la maladie venerienne*." Letters to Lord Mansfield, from Andrew Stuart, Esq; No. iii. p. 19. HENLEY.

13. —*of all loves.*—] The folio reads—*for love's sake.* STEEVENS.

20. —*vanish into air.*] So the folio and one of the quartos. The eldest quarto reads—Vanish *away.* STEEVENS.

52. *To take the safest occasion by the front,*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

61. *I am much bound to you.*] This speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

63.

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63. *—state :*] The folio reads—*senate.* MALONE.

72. *As if the* case *were his.*] The folio reads—As if the *cause* were his. STEEVENS.

84. *That policy may either last so long,*] He may either of himself think it politick to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

93. *I'll watch him tame—*] It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep. JOHNSON.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep, and it is to the management of those Shakspere alludes.

In the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntyng,* &c. bl. let. no date: "*Wake* her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye, and then she will be previ enough to be reclaymed." STEEVENS.

119. *His present reconciliation* take:] To *take his reconciliation,* may be to accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled. JOHNSON.

121. *—and not in* cunning,] *Cunning,* for design, or purpose, simply. WARBURTON.

127. *To suffer with him :*] The first quarto reads—I suffer with him. MALONE.

141. *——the wars must make examples*
Out of their best——] The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of the army,

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when their punishment may afford a wholesome *example.* JOHNSON.

146. —*so* mammering *on?*] To hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old English writings, and probably takes its original from the French *m'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer. HANMER.

I find the same word in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "I stand in doubt, or in a *mamorynge* between hope and fear." STEEVENS.

159. ——*full of* poize—] *i. e.* of weight. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"They are of *poize* sufficient—" STEEVENS.

168. *Excellent* wretch!—*Perdition catch my soul,*

But I do love thee! &c.] The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent wretch!* It may be expressed:

Dear, harmless, helpless Excellence. JOHNSON.

Sir *W. D'Avenant* uses the same expression in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the same meaning. It occurs twice: "*Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modesty she stifleth up her utterance." STEEVENS.

169.

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169. ——*when I love thee not,*

Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion. JOHNSON.

There is another meaning possible. *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end*; i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The first explanation may be more elegant, the second is perhaps more easy. Shakspere has the same thought in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" For he being dead, with him his beauty slain,
" And, beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again.*"

STEEVENS.

The passage does not strike me in the same light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnson; as *Othello* hath not at this time the smallest doubt of his wife's fidelity. He means, I think, to say—*ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos.* Shakspere probably preferred—" Chaos *is* come again," to " Chaos *shall* come again,"—as more bold and expressive. *Muretus*, a poet of the sixteenth century, has exactly the same thought:

" Tunc meo elabi possis de pectore, Lacci,
" Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminisse tui?
" Ante vel istius mundi compage soluta
" Tetras *in antiquum sit reditura Chaos.*"

The meaning of Shakspere appears very clearly from the following passage in the *Winter's Tale*, where the same thought is more fully expressed:

" ——It cannot fail
" But by the violation of my faith—and then
" Let nature crush the sides of the earth together,
" And mar the seeds within." MALONE.

179. —*her.*] So all the old copies. Rowe altered the word to *it.* MALONE.

189. —*By heaven he echoes me,*
As if there were some monster in his thought, &c.]
Thus the eldest quarto. The second quarto reads:

——Why dost thou echo me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought, &c.
The folio reads:

——Alas! thou echo'st me,
As if, &c.—— STEEVENS.

207. *They are* cold dilations *working from the heart,*
That passion cannot rule.] The old copies uniformly give, *close dilations,* except that the earlier quarto has *close denotements*; which was the author's first expression, afterwards changed by him, not to *cold dilations,* for *cold* is read in no ancient copy: nor, I believe, to *close dilations,* but to *close delations*; to *occult* and *secret accusations, working* involuntarily *from the heart,* which, though resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *passion* of resentment. JOHNSON.

This reading is so much more elegant than the former, that one cannot help wishing it to be right. But *delations* sounds to me too classical to have been used by Shakspere.

The old reading—close *dilations* (in the sense of *secret expositions of the mind*) is authorized by a book of

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of that age, which our author is known to have read: —"After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others' too forward harmfulness."—*Rosalynde* or *Euphues golden Legacie*, by Thomas Lodge, 1592.

MALONE.

Cold delations is the reading of the three latter folios.

REMARKS.

213. *Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem* none!] I believe the meaning is, *'would they might no longer seem*, or bear the shape of *men*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, *'would they might not seem* honest! MALONE.

227. *Keep leets and law-days*—] *Leets*, and *law-days*, are synonymous terms. "*Leet* (says Jacob, in his *Law Dictionary*) is otherwise called a *law-day*." They are there explained to be courts, or meetings of the *hundred*, "to certify the king of the good manners and government of the inhabitants," and to inquire of all offences that are not capital. The poet's meaning will now be plain.—*Who has a breast so little apt to form ill opinions of others, but that foul suspicions will sometimes mix with his fairest and most candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to inquire of the offences apprehended.*

STEEVENS.

233. Though *I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,*] Not to mention that, in this reading, the sentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewise highly absurd. I beseech you give yourself no uneasiness from my unsure observance, *though* I am vicious in my guess. For his being an ill guesser was a reason why Othello should

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should not be uneasy: in propriety, therefore, it should either have been, *though I am not vicious*, or *because I am vicious*. It appears then we should read:

I do beseech you,
Think, *I, perchance, am vicious in my guess.*

Which makes the sense pertinent and perfect.

WARBURTON.

Though I—perchance, am vicious in my guess,] That abruptness in the speech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be easily accounted for. Iago seems desirous by this ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealousy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expression that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pause in the speech, which Iago turns off at last to another purpose, and find a more certain cause of discontent, and a greater degree of torture arising from the doubtful consideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced had the whole of what he inquired after been reported to him with every circumstance of aggravation.

We may suppose him imagining to himself, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I choose to speak of.*

I believe nothing is here wanting, but to regulate the punctuation:

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To

To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your, &c.

HENLEY.

Vicious in my guess does not mean that he is an *ill-guesser*, but that he is apt to put the worst construction on every thing he attempts to account for.

STEEVENS.

236. —*that your wisdom yet,*] Thus the folio. The quarto thus:

—I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly *conjects*,
You'd take no notice———

To *conject*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a verb used by other writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Now reason I, or *conject* with myself."

Again,

"I cannot forget thy saying, or thy *conjecting* words." STEEVENS.

256. —*which doth* mock

The meat it feeds on—] i. e. loathes that which nourishes and sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him beware of it. The Oxford Editor reads:

———*which doth* make
The meat it feeds on.———

Implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his general think, as appears from what follows:

That cuckold lives in bliss, &c.

In

In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealousy, not that it was an *unreasonable*, but a *miserable* state; and this plunges him into it, as we see by his reply, which is only

O misery! WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; because *to mock*, does not signify *to loath*; and because, when Iago bids Othello *beware of jealousy, the green-eyed monster*, it is natural to tell why he should beware, and for caution he gives him two reasons, that jealousy *often* creates its own cause, and that, when the causes are real, jealousy is misery. JOHNSON.

In this place, and some others, to *mock* seems the same with to *mammock*. FARMER.

If Shakspere had written—*a* green-ey'd monster, we might have supposed him to refer to some creature existing only in his particular imagination; but *the* green-ey'd monster, seems to have reference to an object as familiar to his readers as to himself.

It is known that the *tyger* kind have *green eyes*, and always play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. Thus, a jealous husband, who discovers no certain cause why he may be divorced, continues to sport with the woman whom he suspects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to punish. There is no beast that can be literally said to *make* its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Hanmer, especially as I flatter myself that a glimpse of meaning may be produced from the ancient reading.

In

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the contested word occurs again:

" ——tell him
" He *mocks* the pauses that he makes."

i. e. he plays wantonly with those intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation.

Should such an explanation be admissible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this:—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a passion which as yet has no proofs to justify its access. Think how the interval between suspicion and certainty must be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuse her your bed, or drive her from your heart; but, like the capricious savage, must continue to sport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to destroy.*

A similar idea occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

" ——so lust doth *play*
" With what it loathes."

Such is the only sense that I am able to draw from the original text. What I have said, may be liable to some objections, but I have nothing better to propose. That jealousy is *a monster* which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted according to Hanmer's proposition; but is it *the* monster? (*i. e.* a well known and conspicuous animal) or whence has it *green eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakspere appropriates to jealousy. It must be acknowledged that he afterwards characterizes it as

——a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself:

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but yet——"What damned minutes counts he o'er, &c." is the best illustration of my attempt to explain the passage. To produce Hanmer's meaning, a change in the text is necessary. I am counsel for the old reading. STEEVENS.

Yellow is not always the colour which Shakspere appropriates to jealousy; for we meet in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"——shudd'ring fear, and *green-ey'd* jealousy."

By "*the* green-ey'd monster," I believe, Shakspere only means—*that* green-eyed monster, which doth mock, &c. If we understand it in this way, it is the same as if he had said—*a* green-ey'd monster.

The passage alluded to by Mr. Steevens, in my opinion, strongly confirms the emendation proposed by Sir Thomas Hanmer [*make*]:

It is, strictly speaking, as false, that any monster can *beget* or be *born* on itself, as it is, that any monster can make his own food; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monster, JEALOUSY.

In *Measure for Measure*, act i. edit. 1623, *make* is printed instead of *mock*. MALONE.

It is so difficult, if not impossible, to extract any sense from this passage as it stands, even by the most forced construction of it; and the slight amendment proposed by Hanmer renders it so clear, elegant, and poetical, that I am surprised the editors should hesitate in adopting it, and still more surprised they should reject it. As for Mr. Steevens's objection, that the definite article is used, not the indefinite, he surely need

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need not be told in the very last of these plays, that Shakspere did not regard such minute inaccuracies, which may be found in every play he wrote.

When Mr. Steevens compares the jealous man, who continues to sport with the woman he suspects, and is determined to destroy, to the tyger who plays with the victim of his hunger, he forgets that the meat on which jealousy is supposed to feed, is not the woman who is the object of it, but the several circumstances of suspicion which jealousy itself creates, and which cause and nourish it. So Æmilia, at the end of the third act in answer to Desdemona, who speaking of Othello's jealousy says,

Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Replies,

But jealous fools will not be answered so;
They are not jealous ever for the cause,
But jealous, for they are jealous—'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

This passage is a strong confirmation of Hanmer's reading.

The same idea occurs in Massinger's *Picture*, where Matthias, speaking of the groundless jealousy he entertained of Sophia's possible inconstancy, says,

" ——but why should I nourish
" A fury here, and with *imagin'd food*,
" Holding no real ground, on which to raise
" A building of suspicion she was ever,
" Or can be false?"

Imagin'd food, is food created by imagination, the

food that jealousy makes and feeds on.

MONCK MASON.

In order to make way for one alteration, Mr. Monck Mason is forced to foist in another; or else poor Shakspere must be arraigned for a blunder of which he is totally guiltless. This gentleman's objections both to the text in its present state, and to Mr. Steevens's most happy illustration of it, originate entirely in his own misconception, and a jumble of figurative with literal expressions. To have been consistent with himself he should have charged Mr. Steevens with maintaining, that it was the property of a jealous husband, first to *mock* his WIFE, and afterwards to *eat* her.

In act v. line 321, the word *mocks* occurs in a sense somewhat similar to that in the passage before us.

Æmil. O mistress, villany hath made *mocks* with love!— HENLEY.

260. —*strongly* loves!] Thus the quarto; the folio—*soundly* loves. STEEVENS.

263. *But riches, fineless*—] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures. JOHNSON.

263. —*as poor as* winter,] Finely expressed: *winter* producing no fruits. WARBURTON.

273. *To such* exsuffolate *and blown surmises,*] This odd and far-fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Hanmer's, by being printed, *exsufflicate*. The allusion is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to suspicions

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picions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty shew without solidity; or that, in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife. JOHNSON.

273. *—blown surmises,*

Matching your inference.] That is—such as you have mentioned in describing the torments of jealousy. The part of Iago's speech particularly alluded to, is that where he says,

But, Oh, what damned moments counts he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves. MONCK MASON.

277. *Where virtue is, these* are most *virtuous.*] An action in itself indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application. JOHNSON.

I know not why the modern editors, in opposition to the first quarto and folio, read *most* instead of *more.* A passage in *All's Well that Ends Well,* is perhaps the best comment on the sentiment of Othello: "I have those good hopes of her, education promises: his disposition she inherits; which *makes fair gifts fairer.*" *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus.* STEEVENS.

Most is the reading of the second folio. REMARKS.

291. *Out of* self-bounty *be abus'd;*—] *Self-bounty,* for inherent generosity. WARBURTON.

292. *—our country disposition——*

In Venice——] Here Iago seems to be a Venetian. JOHNSON.

There

There is nothing in any other part of the play, properly understood, to imply otherwise. HENLEY.

295. *Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.*] The folio, perhaps more clearly, reads:

Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

STEEVENS.

298. *And, when she seem'd—*] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise and produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act, by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made, with a lower degree of strength, against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another: and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

303. *To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak—*] The *oak* is (I believe) the most *close-grained* wood of general use in England. *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of the oak*. I see no cause for alteration.

To *seel* is an expression taken from falconry.

STEEVENS.

To

To *seel*, signifies to hood-wink, see before.

314. *To grosser* issues,] *Issues*, for conclusions.

WARBURTON.

318. *My speech would fall into such vile* success,] *Success*, for succession, *i. e.* conclusion; not prosperous issue. WARBURTON.

I rather think there is a depravation, and would read:

My speech will fall into such vile excess.

If *success* be the right word, it seems to mean *consequence* or *event*, as *successo* is used in Italian.

JOHNSON.

I think *success* may, in this instance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means, seems to be this: "Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at." Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have said, *fall into success*, and *vile success*, because he would appear to Othello, to wish that the inquiry into Desdemona's guilt might prove fruitless and unsuccessful.

STEEVENS.

The following passages will perhaps be considered as proofs of Dr. Johnson's explanation.

Palace of Pleasure, bl. let.

"Then the poor desolate women, fearing lest their case would sorte to some pitifull *successe*."

Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

"God forbyd all hys hope should turne to such *successe*." HENDERSON.

329.

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329. —will *most rank,*] *Will,* is for wilfulness. It is so used by Ascham. A *rank will* is *self-will* overgrown and exuberant. JOHNSON.

347. *You shall by that perceive him, and his means,*] You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means,* his most powerful *interest,* is by the solicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

348. —*strain his* entertainment] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. JOHNSON.

354. *Fear not my government.*] Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. JOHNSON.

357. —*with a* learned *spirit,*] The construction is, He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

358. —*If I do prove her* haggard,] A *haggard* is a particular species of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed,* but not *irreclaimable.*

From a passage in *Vittoria Corombona,* it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard?* fly to the stews."

Turbervile says, that "the *haggart* falcons are the most excellent birds of all other falcons." *Latham* gives to the *haggart* only the second place in the *valued file.*———*Haggard,* however, had a popular sense, and was used for *wild* by those who thought not on the language of falconers. STEEVENS.

359. *Though that her* jesses *were my dear heart-strings,*]

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strings,] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.

HANMER.

In Heywood's comedy, called *A Woman killed with Kindness,* 1617, a number of these terms relative to hawking occur together:

"Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;

"Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.

"So: seize her gets, her *jesses,* and her bells."

STEEVENS.

360. *I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind*
To prey at fortune.—] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If, therefore, a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind,* and from that time shifted for herself, and *preyed at fortune.* This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. JOHNSON.

I'll whistle her off, &c.] This passage may possibly receive illustration from a similar one in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 2. sect. 1. mem. 3. "As a long-winged hawke, when he is first *whistled off the fist,* mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, still soaring higher and higher, till he comes to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung, comes down amaine, and *stoupes* upon a sudden." PERCY.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca:*

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" —he that basely
" *Whistled* his honour *off to the wind*, &c."
STEEVENS

363. *Chamberers*] *i. e.* men of intrigue. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

" Fal'n from a souldier to a *chamberer*."
STEEVENS.

The sense of *chamberers* may be ascertained from *Rom.* xiii. 13, where μη ΚΟΙΤΑΙΣ is rendered, in the common version, "*not in* CHAMBERING." HENLEY.

374. —*forked plague*—] In allusion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnson's may be right. I meet with the same thought in Middleton's comedy of *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

" While the broad arrow, with the *forked head*,
" Misses his brows but narrowly."

And, in *King Lear*,

" ——though the *fork invade*
" The region of my heart."——

Mr. Malone supports the explanation of Dr. Percy, by the following passage in Machin's *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" Women, why were you made for man's affliction?
" You devils, shap'd like angels, through whose deeds
" Our *forked shames* are made most visible."

Again,

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Again, from *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie:* "—dub the old Squire Knight of the *forked order.*"

STEEVENS.

379. *Desdemona comes:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads: *Look where she comes.* STEEVENS.

379. —*the* generous *islanders*] Are the islanders of *rank, distinction.* So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"The *generous* and gravest citizens
"Have hent the gates."

Generous has here the power of *generosus*, Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular.

STEEVENS.

387. *Your napkin*, &c.] That is, *handkerchief.* See *As You Like It*, act iv. line 328. STEEVENS.

396. ——*I'll have the work* ta'en out.] That is, copied. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca. BLACKSTONE.

399. *I nothing, but to please his fantasy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

I nothing *know but for* his fantasy. STEEVENS.

413. ——*to the advantage*, &c.] I being *opportunely* here, took it up. JOHNSON.

422. *Be not you known* on't] The folio reads—

Be not *acknowne* on't. STEEVENS.

Thus, in *The Life of Ariosto*, subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando*, p. 418, edit. 1607:

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"Some say, he was married to her privilie, but durst not be *acknowne* of it." PORSON.

432. ——*I did say so:*——] As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur*, &c.

——I did say so;
Look where he comes!——

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation. STEEVENS.

433. ———*nor mandragora,*] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake*, has a soporifick quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—Give me to drink *mandragora.*"

STEEVENS.

435. *Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,*
Which thou hadst *yesterday.*] The old quarto reads,

Which thou owedst *yesterday.*

And this is right, and of much greater force than the common reading: not to sleep, being finely called defrauding

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defrauding the day of a debt of nature.

WARBURTON.

To *owe* is, in our author, oftener to *possess*, than *to be indebted*, and such was its meaning here; but as that sense was growing less usual, it was changed unnecessarily by the editors to *hadst*; to the same meaning more intelligibly expressed. JOHNSON.

To *owe* is used by the common people in Norfolk and Suffolk, almost universally in Shakspere's sense.

* * *.

443. *What sense had I*, &c.] A similar passage to this and what follows it, is found in an *unpublished* tragi-comedy by Thomas Middleton, called THE WITCH.

" I feele no ease, the burthen's not yet off
" So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
" Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's shame!
" Had it byn hid and don, it had ben don happy,
" For he that's ignorant lives long and merry."

Again:

" Had'st thou byn secret, then had I byn happy,
" And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
" Now here I stand a stayne to my creation,
" And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
" The understanding of this base adultery, &c."

This is uttered by a jealous husband who supposes himself to have just destroyed his wife.—

Again, *Iago* says:

Dangerous conceits, &c.—
——with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Thus

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Thus *Sebastian*, in Middleton's play:——

"When a suspect doth catch once, it burnes maynely."

A scene between *Francisca* and her brother *Antonio*, when she first excites his jealousy, has likewise several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between *Iago* and *Othello* on the same subject.

This piece contains also a passage very strongly resembling another in *Hamlet*, who says:—"I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."——Thus, *Almachildes*:—"There is some difference betwixt my joviall condition and the lunary state of madnes. I am not quight out of my witts: I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ shop, a strumpet from wild fire, and a beadle from brimstone."

For a further account of this MS. play, see a note on Mr. Malone's *Attempt to ascertain the order in which the pieces of Shakspere were written*:—Article, *Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

445. *I slept the next night well, was free and merry*;] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

I slept the next night well, *fed well*; was free and merry.

STEEVENS.

454. *Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars*——

Farewel the neighing steed, &c.] In a very ancient drama entitled *Common Conditions*, printed about 1576, Sedmond, who has lost his sister in a wood, thus expresses his grief:

"But

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" But farewell now, my coursers brave, attrapped to the ground,
" Farewell! adue all pleasures eke, with comely hauke and hounde!
" Farewell ye nobles all, farewell eche marsial knight,
" Farewell ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight!
" Adue my native soile, adue Arbaccus kyng,
" Adue eche wight, and marsial knight, adue eche living thyng!"

One is almost tempted to think that Shakspere had read this old play. MALONE.

456. *The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakspere, as usual, paints from the life; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his age by the English soldiery. The fife, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. WARTON.

460. ——*whose rude throats*] So Milton. *P. L.* b. 6.

" From those *deep-throated* engines, &c."

The quarto, 1622, reads—whose *wide* throats. STEEVENS.

466. —mine *eternal soul,*] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly reads:

——*man's* eternal soul.

Shakspere

Shakspere might have designed an opposition between *man* and *dog*. STEEVENS.

475. —*abandon all* remorse;] I believe, *remorse* in this instance, as in many others, signifies *pity*. STEEVENS.

477. *Do deeds to make heaven weep,*] So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
"*As make the angels weep.*" STEEVENS.

483. *That* liv'st] Thus the quarto. The folio—*that lov'st*— STEEVENS.

491. *By the world,* &c.] This speech is not in the first edition. POPE.

505. *Behold her* tupp'd?] A ram in Staffordshire and some other counties is called a *tup*. So, in the first act:

——an old black ram
Is *tupping* your white ewe. STEEVENS.

513. *Were they as* prime *as goats*—] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the Celtic or British *Prim*. HANMER.

So, in the *Vow-breaker, or the Faire Maid of Clifton*, 1636:

"More *prime* than goats or monkies in their prides." STEEVENS.

519. *Give me a* living *reason*—] The reading of the folio is smoother:

Give me a living reason she's disloyal. MALONE.

What Othello here demands is *actual* proof, arising from some positive FACT. HENLEY.

539.

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539. —*a foregone* conclusion:] *Conclusion*, for fact. WARBURTON.

540. Othel. '*Tis a shrewd doubt*, &c.] The old quarto gives this line, with the two following, to Iago; and rightly. WARBURTON.

I think it more naturally spoken by Othello, who, by dwelling so long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it. JOHNSON.

544. ——*yet, we* see *nothing done*;] This is an oblique and secret mock at Othello's saying, *Give me the ocular proof.* WARBURTON.

557. *Now do I see 'tis* true.——] The old quarto reads,

Now do I see 'tis time.———

And this is Shakspere's, and has in it much more force and solemnity, and preparation for what follows; as alluding to what he had said before:

———*No, Iago!*
I'll see *before I doubt, when I doubt, prove*;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love *or jealousy.*

This *time* was now come. WARBURTON.

560. —*thy hollow* hell!] Warburton proposed to read *cell.*

The hollow hell is the reading of the folio. The epithet *hollow* gives the idea of what Milton calls,

" ———the void profound
" Of unessential night." STEEVENS.

And, in *Paradise Lost*, b. I. ver. 314. the same epithet and subject occur.

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" He call'd so loud that all the *hollow* deep
" Of *hell* resounded." H. T. W.

561. ———hearted *throne*,] *Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou wast *enthroned*. JOHNSON.

Iago uses the same word, though with a meaning somewhat different:

—My cause is *hearted*. STEEVENS.

A passage in *Twelfth Night* fully supports the reading of the text, and Dr. Johnson's explanation of it:

" It gives a very echo to the *seat*
" Where *Love* is *thron'd*." MALONE.

562. —*swell, bosom*, &c.] i. e. *swell*, because the fraught is of poison. WARBURTON.

567. —*Like to the Pontic sea*, &c.] This simile is not in the first edition. POPE.

When Shakspere grew acquainted with such particulars of knowledge, he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered. He found this in the Second Book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* as translated by Philemon Holland, 1601: " And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus." STEEVENS.

573. —*a* capable *and wide revenge*

Capable] Ample; capacious. So, in *As You Like It:*

" The cicatrice and *capable* impressure."

It may, however, mean *judicious*. In *Hamlet* the word is often used in the sense of *intelligent*. What Othello says in another place, seems to favour this latter

latter interpretation:

Good; good;—the *justice* of it pleases me.

MALONE.

574. —*by yond' marble heaven,*] In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, I find the same expression:

"Now by the *marble* face of the welkin," &c.

STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"And pleas'd the *marble* heavens." MALONE.

581. *The* execution—] The first quarto reads *excellency*. STEEVENS.

582. ——*let him command,*

And to obey, shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever.] Thus all the old copies, to manifest depravation of the poet's sense. Mr. Pope has attempted an emendation, but with his old luck and dexterity:

Not *to obey, shall be in me remorse*, &c.

I read, with the change only of a single letter:

Nor, *to obey, shall be in me remorse*, &c.

i. e. Let your commands be ever so bloody, remorse and compassion shall not restrain me from obeying them. THEOBALD.

——*Let him command,*

And to obey, shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever.] Thus the old copies read, but evidently wrong. Some editions read, *Not to obey*; on which the editor, Mr. Theobald, takes occasion to alter it to, *Nor to obey*; and thought he had much mended matters. But he mistook the

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sound end of the line for the corrupt; and so by his emendation, the deep-designing Iago is foolishly made to throw off his mask, when he had most occasion for it; and without any provocation, stand before his captain a villain confessed; at a time, when, for the carrying on his plot, he should make the least show of it. For thus Mr. Theobald forces him to say, *I shall have no remorse to obey your commands, how bloody soever the business be.* But this is not Shakspere's way of preserving the unity of character. Iago, till now, pretended to be one, who, though in the trade of war he had slain men, yet held it the very stuff of the conscience to do no contrived murder; when, of a sudden, without cause or occasion, he owns himself a ruffian without *remorse.* Shakspere wrote and pointed the passage thus:

——*Let him command,*
And to obey shall be in me REMORD.
What bloody business ever.

i. e. however the business he sets me upon may shock my honour and humanity, yet I promise to go through with it, and obey without reserve. Here Iago speaks in character, while the sense and grammar are made better by it.

So Skelton:

" *And if so him fortune to write and plaine,*
" *As sometimes he must vices* remorde."

And again:

" *Squire, knight, and lord,*
" *Thus the churche* remorde." WARBURTON.

Of

Of these two emendations, I believe, Theobald's will have the greater number of suffrages; it has at least mine. The objection against the propriety of the declaration in Iago, is a cavil; he does not say that he has no principle of remorse, but that it shall not operate against Othello's commands. *To obey shall be in me*, for *I will obey you*, is a mode of expression not worth the pains here taken to introduce it; and the word *remorde* has not in the quotation the meaning of *withhold*, or *make reluctant*, but of *reprove*, or *censure*; nor do I know that it is used by any of the contemporaries of Shakspere.

I will offer an interpretation, which, if it be received, will make alteration unnecessary, but it is very harsh and violent. Iago devotes himself to wronged Othello, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business*, and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but *of tenderness, to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderness* for him. If this sense be thought too violent, I see nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton, in his *Critic. Observ.* p. 200, proposes to read:

And to obey shall be in me no *remorse*.

This reading the author of *The Revisal* approves; and Mr. Edwards seems to acquiesce in that of Theobald.

The different emendations of different commentators are laid before the publick for its determination on their merits; and I believe the present one, who is

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is to throw in his conjecture with the rest, may say at last with Deiphobus,

——*explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

Iago offers in the most solemn manner, to risque himself for the service of Othello. *Let him command*, says he, *whatever bloody business*, and the *remorse* that follows the perpetration of such a deed shall *be entirely my own*. It shall be *remorse in me, in me alone*. I not only undertake to execute the bloody part of the business, but likewise to take upon myself the *horrors* of *remorse*, inseparable from the action. Iago makes use of this specious argument, the better to prevail on Othello to entrust the murder to his hands.

After all, I believe Dr. Johnson's interpretation to be the best; and can only claim the merit of supporting his sense of the word *remorse*, i. e. *pity* by the following instances:

In *King Edward* III. 1599, that prince speaking to the citizens of Calais:

"But for yourselves, look you for no *remorse*."

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"Here stand I craving no *remorse* at all."

I could add many more instances, but shall content myself to observe, that the sentiment of Iago bears no small resemblance to that of *Arviragus* in *Cymbeline*:

"I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,

"And praise myself for charity." STEEVENS.

If I am not deceived, this passage has been entirely mistaken. I read:

"Let

"Let *him* command
"An' to obey shall be in *me* remorse,
"What bloody business ever——"

And for *if* is sufficiently common: and *Othello*'s impatience breaks off the sentence; I think, with additional beauty. FARMER.

Before I saw Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakspere, my opinion of this passage was formed, and written, and thus I understood it: "Let him command any bloody business, and to obey shall be in me an act of pity and compassion for wrong'd Othello." *Remorse* frequently signifies pity, mercy, compassion, or a tenderness of heart, unattended with the stings of a guilty conscience. TOLLET.

The sentiment of Iago seems to be this:—whatever bloody deed he may command me to perpetrate, my zeal to serve him shall cause that which, in *another*, would be *remorse*, in *me* to be *obedience*.

The poet finely discriminates between the extremes of wickedness in the sexes, when he makes Lady Macbeth invoke *preternatural aid* to produce an effect similar to that which Iago accomplishes by the exertion only of *his own resolution*, act i. line 361.

——Come, you spirits!
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to *remorse*;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purposes, &c. HENLEY.

And

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And to obey *shall be in me* remorse.] This mode of speaking is not confined to Shakspere. Thus in *Purchas's Pilgrim*, vol. iv. 1196:

"It could *not be in them* to make resistance!"

HENDERSON.

584. *What bloody work soever.*] So the quartos. The folio:

What bloody *business ever.* STEEVENS.

603. *To tell you*, &c.] This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

611. Clown. *I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and* by *them answer.*] This *Clown* is a fool to some purpose. He was to go seek for one; he says, he will ask for him, and by his own questions make answer. Without doubt we should read, *and* bid *them answer*; i. e. the world; those whom we question. WARBURTON.

By *them answer.*] There is no necessity for changing the text. It is the clown's play to wrench what is said, from its proper meaning. Sir T. More hath briefly worked his character: "he plaieth the iester, nowe with skoffinge, and nowe with his overthwarte woords, to prouoke all to laughter." His design here was to propose such questions as might elicit the information sought for from him, and therefore, BY his *questions* he might be enabled to *answer.* HENLEY.

622. *—cruzadoes:—*] A coin so called from the cross stamped upon it. JOHNSON.

638. *Hot, hot, and moist:*] Ben Jonson seems to have attempted a ridicule on this passage, in *Every Man*

out

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out of his Humour, act v. sc. ii. where Sogliardo says to Saviolina: "How does my sweet Lady? *hot and moist?* beautiful and lusty?" STEEVENS.

Ben Jonson was ready enough on all occasions to depreciate and ridicule our author, but in the present instance, I believe, he must be acquitted; for *Every Man out of his Humour* was printed in 1600, and written probably in the preceding year; at which time, we are almost certain that *Othello* had not been exhibited. MALONE.

646. —*The hearts of old gave hands*;
But our new heraldry *is hands, not hearts.*] It is evident that the first line should be read thus:
The hands of old gave hearts:
Otherwise it would be no reply to the preceding words,
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart:
Not so, says her husband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts; but the custom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expression of *new heraldry* was a satirical allusion to the times. Soon after James the First came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets, for money. Amongst their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a hand *gules* in an escutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: by which he insinuates, that some then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*: that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchase the *honour*. James's pretence for raising money by this creation,

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was the reduction of Ulster, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulster.

WARBURTON.

The historical observation is very judicious and acute; but of the emendation there is no need. She says, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his suspicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank*, he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark, that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it.

JOHNSON.

I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. and Spelman's Epigram cited in the note.

BLACKSTONE.

—*our new* heraldry, &c.] I believe this to be only a figurative expression, without the least reference to king James's creation of baronets. The absurdity of making Othello so familiar with British heraldry, the utter want of consistency as well as policy in any sneer of Shakspere at the badge of honours instituted by a prince, whom on all other occasions he was solicitous to flatter, and at whose court this very piece was acted in 1613, very strongly incline me to question the propriety of Dr. Warburton's historical explanation.

STEEVENS.

651. —*salt and* sorry *rheum*—] The old quartos has,

——*salt and* sullen *rheum*——

That

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That is, a *rheum absolutely troublesome.* I think this better. JOHNSON.

658. *That handkerchief*

Did an Egyptian to my mother give:] In the account of this tremendous handkerchief, are some particulars which lead me to think, that here is an allusion to a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. It is the practice in the eastern regions, for persons of both sexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiously wrought. In the MS. papers of Sir John Chardin, that great oriental traveller, is a passage which fully describes the custom. "The mode of wrought handkerchiefs (says this learned inquirer), is general in Arabia, in Syria, in Palestine, and in all the Turkish empire. They are wrought with a needle, and it is the amusement of the fair sex there, as among us the making tapestry and lace. The young women make them for their fathers, their brothers, and by way of preparation before hand for their spouses, bestowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them almost constantly in their hands in those warm countries, to wipe off sweat." But whether this circumstance ever came to Shakspere's knowledge, and gave rise to the incident, I am not able to determine. WHALLEY.

674. *A sybil,* &c.] This circumstance, perhaps, is imitated by Ben Jonson in the *Sad Shepherd:*

"A Gypsan lady, and a right beldame,
"Wrought it by moon-shine for me, and star-
light," &c. STEEVENS.

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674. —*number'd*——

The sun to course——] i. e. number'd the sun's courses: badly expressed. WARBURTON.

The expression is not very infrequent: we say, *I counted the clock to strike four*: so she *number'd* the sun *to course*, to run *two hundred compasses*, two hundred annual circuits. JOHNSON.

675. —*to* course—] The first quarto reads—*to make*— STEEVENS.

678. *And it was dy'd in* mummy,—] The balsamick liquor running from *mummies*, was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary; and yet I have been informed, that this fanciful medicine still holds a place in the shops where drugs are sold. So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

"—make *mummy* of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries."

Again, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

"That I might tear their flesh in mamocks, raise
"My losses, from their carcases turn'd *mummy*."
STEEVENS.

678. —*which the skilful*

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads——*with the skilful*

Conserves, &c. STEEVENS.

684. —*rash?*] Is *vehement, violent.* JOHNSON.

699. *I pray talk me of Cassio.*] This and the following

ing short speech are omitted in all ancient editions but the first quarto. STEEVENS.

721. —*the* office *of my heart,*] The elder quarto reads,

——*the* duty *of my heart.*

The author used the more proper word, and then changed it, I suppose, for fashionable diction; but, as fashion is a very weak protectress, the old word is now ready to resume its place. JOHNSON.

729. *And* shoot *myself up*——] This is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have,

And shut *myself up*—— JOHNSON.

The quarto 1630 (like the folio) reads,

And shut *myself up*——

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea seems taken from the confinement of a monastick life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the supposition. The meaning will therefore be, "I will put on a constrained appearance of being "contented, and shut myself up in a different course "of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but "to wait for relief from the accidental hand of cha-"rity."

Shakspere uses the same expression in *Macbeth*:

"——and *shut up*
"In measureless content."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Whose basest stars do *shut us up* in wishes."

STEEVENS.

I cannot

I cannot agree with Mr. Steevens in approving of the present reading, nor of course, in his explanation of this passage; but think the quarto right, which reads *shoot* instead of *shut*.—To say that a man will shut himself up in a course of life, is language such as Shakspere would never make use of, even in his most whimsical or licentious moments.

One of the meanings of the verb *to shoot*, is to *push suddenly*, or to *push forward*; and in that sense it is used in this place. Cassio means to say, that if he finds he has no chance of regaining the favour of the general, he will push forward into some other line of life, and seek his fortune; but I think it probable we ought to read—And shoot myself *upon* some other course, instead of *up in* some other course.

MONCK MASON.

Mr. Mason's explanation is a very forced one.—It appears from the information of Iago, that Cassio had not long been a soldier. Before Othello promoted him, for his good offices in respect to Desdemona, he was "a great arithmetician, a counter-caster;" and now, being discarded from the military line, he purposes to *confine*, or *shut himself up*, as he formerly had, within the limits of a new profession.

HENLEY.

734. —*in favour*————] In *look*, in *countenance*.

JOHNSON.

737. —*within the blank of his displeasure*,] Within the *shot* of his anger.

JOHNSON.

751.

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751. —*some unhatch'd practice,*] Some treason that has not taken effect. JOHNSON.

762. —(*unhandsome* warrior *as I am*)] How this came to be so blundered, I cannot conceive. It is plain Shakspere wrote,

———*unhandsome* wrangler *as I am.*

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"———*fie,* wrangling *queen.*" WARBURTON.

Unhandsome warrior, is evidently *unfair assailant.* JOHNSON.

791. —*more* convenient *time*] The folio has,

———*more* continuate *time*;

Time *less interrupted,* time which I can call more my own. It gives a more distinct image than *convenient.* JOHNSON.

The word occurs again in *Timon:*

" ——breath'd as it were,
" To an untirable and continuate goodness."

STEEVENS.

793. *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain; but Copy this work in another handkerchief. JOHNSON.

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called *Women beware of Women:*

" ——she intends
" To *take out* other works in a new sampler."

STEEVENS.

So, in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii,* vol. ii. p. 578. 581. and 585. " to *take out* the arms," means to copy them. TOLLET.

812.

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812. *Why, I pray you?*] This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

819. *—I must be circumstanc'd.*] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

Rather, I must give way to circumstances.

MONCK MASON.

ACT IV.

Line 8. *NAKED in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?*

It is hypocrisy against the devil:] This observation seems strangely abrupt and unoccasioned. We must suppose that Iago had, before they appeared in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns. To this we must suppose Othello here replies; and like a good Protestant. For so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakspere little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced.

WARBURTON.

Hypocrisy against the devil, means hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly; these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and

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and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

11. *The devil their virtue tempts*, and *they tempt heaven.*] The true reading, without question, is this:

The devil their virtue tempts not; *they tempt heaven.*

i. e. they do not give the devil the trouble of throwing temptations in their way: they seek them out themselves, and so tempt heaven by their presumption.

WARBURTON.

There is no need for any alteration. The true key to the explanation of this passage may be found in St. Matthew iv. 7. The poet's idea, is, that *the devil tempts their virtues*, by stirring up their passions, and *they tempt heaven*, by placing themselves in such a situation as makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. HENLEY.

Shakspere had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Beehive of the Roman Church.* "There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maides, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they should not one byte another, nor kicke backewardes with their heeles, she did lay a crucifix between them." FARMER.

25. *Boading to all*—] Thus all the old copies. The moderns less grammatically,

Boding to ill—— JOHNSON.

The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house, in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

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" Thus like the sad presaging *raven*, that tolls
" The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
" And in the shadow of the silent night
" Does shake contagion from her sable wing."

MALONE.

32. *Convinc'd or* supplied *them,*] I cannot understand the vulgar reading. I read, *convinc'd or* suppled. My emendation makes the sense of the passage easy and intelligible: that there are some such long-tongued knaves in the world, who, if they through the *force of importunity extort* a favour from their mistress, or if through *her own fondness* they make her *pliant* to their desires, cannot help boasting of their success. To *convince*, here, is not, as in the common acceptation, to make sensible of the truth of any thing by reasons and arguments: but to *overcome, get the better of*, &c.

So in *Macbeth*, act i.

" ——his two chamberlains
" Will I, with wine and wassel so *convince*."

Again, in the same play, act iv.

" —— their malady *convinces*
" The great assay of art."

THEOBALD.

46. —*to confess and be hang'd*—] This is a proverbial saying. And in one of the old collection of small Poems there is an epigram on it. All that remains of this speech, including the words *to confess*, is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

49. —*shadowing passion*—] The modern editions have left out *passion*. JOHNSON.

49.

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49. *—without some instruction.—*] The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and shew the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *instruction* for *induction* (for so it should be read) has indeed sunk it into arrant nonsense. Othello is just going to fall into a swoon; and, as is common for people in that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sublimity of thought, is compared to the season of the sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction*, or bringing over of the moon between it and the sun. This being the allusion, the reasoning stands thus: "My nature "could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it "were, into dissolution, for no cause. There must "be an *induction* of something; there must be a real "cause. My jealousy cannot be merely imaginary. "Ideas, *words* only, could not shake me thus, and "raise all this disorder. My jealousy therefore must "be grounded on matter of fact." Shakspere uses this word in the same sense, in *Richard* III.

"A dire *induction* am I witness to."

Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of his *Fame:*

"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!"

WARBURTON.

This is a noble conjecture, and, whether right or wrong, does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any necessity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, *Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without* instruction. *It is not words that shake me thus.* This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities. JOHNSON.

However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shews, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind,

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mind, which so overpowers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

50. *Noses, ears, and lips:*] Othello is imagining to himself the familiarities which he supposes to have passed between Cassio and his wife. So, in the *Winter's Tale:*

" Cheek to cheek,—meeting *noses*—
" Kissing with inside *lip*," &c.—

If this be not the meaning, we must suppose he is meditating a cruel punishment for Desdemona and her suspected paramour:

" ———raptis
" *Auribus*, et truncas inhonesta vulnere *nares*."

STEEVENS.

73. *A* horned *man*—] In *Much Ado about Nothing*, I omitted to attempt the illustration of a passage where Benedick says—" there is no staff more honourable than one *tipt with horn*." Perhaps he alludes to the staff which was anciently carried before a challenger. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edition 1615, p. 669: " —his baston (a staffe of an elle long, made taperwise, *tipt with horne*) &c. was borne before him."

STEEVENS.

80. *in those* unproper *beds*,] *Unproper*, for common.

WARBURTON.

So, in *The Arcadia*, by Shirley, 1640:

" Ever woman shall be common —
" Every woman common! what shall we do with all the *proper* women in *Arcadia?*
" They shall be common too." STEEVENS.

88.

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88. —*list.*] The obvious meaning of *list*, is *bounds*. Keep your temper, says Iago, within the *bounds of patience*. COLLINS.

So, in *King Henry* V. act v. sc. 2: "—you and I cannot be confined within the weak *list* of a country fashion."

Again, in *King Henry* IV. Part I.

"The very *list*, the very utmost bound,
"Of all our fortunes."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii. sc. 1. "—you have restrain'd yourself within the *list* of too cold an adieu." STEEVENS.

89. —*ere while, mad with your grief,*] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads:

——o'erwhelmed with your grief. STEEVENS.

94. —*encave yourself.*] Hide yourself in a private place. JOHNSON.

101. *Or shall I say, your're all in all* in *spleen,*] I read:

Or shall I say, you're all in all a *spleen.*

I think our author uses this expression elsewhere. JOHNSON.

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a *spleen*. The old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We still say, such one is *in* wrath, *in* the dumps, &c. The sense therefore is plain. Again, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"That, in *a spleen*, unfolds both heaven and earth."—— STEEVENS.

116.

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116. *And his* unbookish *jealousy*—] *Unbookish*, for ignorant. WARBURTON.

135. *Do you triumph*, Roman? *do you triumph?*] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What* (says he) *you are now* triumphing *as great as a Roman?* JOHNSON.

136. —*a customer!*—] A common woman, one that invites custom. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

"I think thee now some common *customer*."

STEEVENS.

143. *Have you scor'd me?*—] Have you made my reckoning? have you settled the term of my life? The old quarto reads, *stored* me. Have you disposed of me? have you laid me up? JOHNSON.

To *score* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance. Spenser, in the first Canto of his *Fairy Queen*, speaking of the cross, says:

"Upon his shield the like was also *scor'd*."

Again, b. ii. c. 9:

"——why on your shield, so goodly *scor'd*,
"Bear you the picture of that lady's head?"

But it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. "Let us *score* their backs," says Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*; and it is employed in the same sense on the present occasion. STEEVENS.

151. —*by this hand*—] This is the reading of the first quarto. STEEVENS.

162.

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162. *—fitchew!—*] A pole-cat. POPE.

Shakspere has in another place mentioned the lust of this animal. Cassio tells Iago, that she is as lewd as the *pole-cat*, but of better scent, the pole-cat being a very stinking animal. JOHNSON.

A *pole-cat* was anciently one of the cant terms for a strumpet. STEEVENS.

200. *—No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it and it hurts my hand.—*] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakspere, is sure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. STEEVENS.

251. *—atone them,—*] Make them *one*; reconcile them. JOHNSON.

Few words have occasioned the spilling of so much Christian ink as the word *atone*, which is here used in its proper sense. So likewise in *Cymbeline*, act i.

"*To* atone *my countryman and you.*"

Again, in *As you Like It*, act v. line 338.

"Then there is mirth in heaven,
"When earthly things made even
"*Atone* together."

This expression is formed by the coalescence of the words *at one*, the verb to *set*, or some equivalent being omitted. Thus, in the *acts*:—"he shewed himself to them as they strove and would have *set* them AT ONE again." and in *The Beehive of the Romish Church*: "through which God is *made* AT ONE with us, and hath forgiven us our sins." HENLEY.

270. *If that the earth would teem*, &c.] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal

equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. JOHNSON.

271. *Each drop she* falls] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *The Tempest:*

" —when I rear my hand, do you the like,
" To *fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

284. *Proceed you in your tears.*—] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Desdemona *to continue weeping*, which *proceed you in your tears* (as the passage is at present pointed) must mean. He rather would have said,

———*Proceed you in your tears?*———

What! will you still continue to be a hypocrite by a display of this *well-painted passion?* WARNER.

289. *Cassio shall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addressed to *Desdemona*, who had just expressed her joy on hearing *Cassio* was deputed in the room of her husband. Her innocent satisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place is construed by Othello into the pleasure she received from the advancement of his rival. STEEVENS.

291. —*Goats and monkies!*] In this exclamation Shakspere has shewn great art. *Iago*, in the first scene in which he endeavours to awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be, " as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkies*."—These words we may suppose, still ring in the ears of *Othello*,

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who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation:—*Iago*'s words were but too true—now indeed I am convinced that they are as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkies*.

MALONE.

352. *But not* your *words*.] This line is added out of the first edition. POPE.

377. —*time of scorn*] The reading of both the elder quartos and the folio is,

——for *the time* of scorn.

Mr. Rowe reads—*hand* of scorn; and succeeding editors have silently followed him.

I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy,

——*the* time *of scorn*.

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*—the time when we are to be judged—*the day of judgment*—the instant when we suffer calamity—*the moment of evil*; and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn*? Thus, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"So sings the mariner upon the shore,

"When he hath past the dangerous *time of storms*."

Again, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"I'll poison thee; with murder curbe thy paths,

"And make thee know a *time of infamy!*"

Othello takes this idea from a clock. *To make me* (says he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at!* STEEVENS.

Might

Might not Shakspere have written—

—for *the scorn of time*

To point his slow unmoving finger at?

i. e. the marked object for the contempt of all ages and all time.

So, in *Hamlet:*

"For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time?*"

However, in support of the reading of the old copies, it may be observed, that our author has personified *scorn*, in his 88th Sonnet:

"When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,

"And place my merit in the *eye* of *scorn.*"—

The epithet *unmoving* (the folio reads—*and moving*) may likewise be supported by Shakspere's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expressed:

"Ah! yet doth beauty, like *a dial-hand,*

"*Steal from his figure,* and *no pace perceived,*

"So your sweet hue, which, methinks, still doth stand,

"Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd."

MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—*slowly moving finger at.* I should wish to reject the present reading, for even then the word *slow* implied some degree of motion, though that motion may not be perceptible to the eye. *The time of scorn* is a strange expression, to which, I cannot reconcile myself; I have no doubt but it is erroneous, and wish we had authority to read *hand* of scorn, instead of time. MONCK MASON.

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If Atkinson, the contractor, in one of his soliloquies (after the execution of a late sentence in the corn-market) had been heard to explain:

" ——————but, alas! to make me
" A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
" To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
" O! O!"

he would, at once, have been understood, by *the* TIME *of scorn*, to mean *the* HOUR *of his exposure in the pillory*; and by *its slow unmoving* FINGER, *the* HOUR-INDEX *of the dial that fronted him.*——

Mr. Malone, in a subsequent note, hath remarked that, " *his* for *its* is common in our author;" and in respect to the epithet *unmoving*, it may be observed, with Rosalind, not only that *time travels in divers paces with divers persons*, but, that for the same reason, it GALLOPS *with the thief to the gallows*, it *apparently* STANDS STILL *with the perjured in the pillory*.—Whatever were the precise instance of disgrace to which Othello alluded, the text in its present state, is perfectly intelligible; and, therefore, should be preserved from capricious alterations. HENLEY.

381. —*garner'd up my heart*;] That is, *treasured* up. See Matt. iii. 12. JOHNSON.

386. —*Turn thy complexion there*, &c.] At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look as grim as hell*. JOHNSON.

391. —*O thou weed!*] Dr. Johnson has, on this occasion, been unjustly censured for having stifled difficulties

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difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore observe, that Othello's speech is printed word for word from the folio edition, though the quarto reads:

O thou black *weed!*

Had this epithet, *black*, been admitted, there would still have remained an incomplete verse in this speech: no additional beauty would have been introduced; but instead of it, a paltry antithesis between the words *black* and *fair*. STEEVENS.

395. *Was this fair paper*, &c.] Massinger has imitated this passage in *The Emperor of the East:*

" ——can you think
" This master-piece of heaven, this precious vellum
" Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
" Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom
" In capital letters writ upon't?" STEEVENS.

396. *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

This word in Shakspere's time, besides its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love. Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by *Othello*.—So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Very Woman*, 1610: She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that she may go for a maid, but she has been lain with in her understanding." The word is used in the same sense in *King Lear: Commit* not with man's sworn spouse."

Again,

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Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, first Part:

" ——if all *committers* stood in a rank,
" They'd make a lane in which your shame might dwell." MALONE.

408. *If to preserve this* vessel *for my lord.*] This expression, as well as many others, our author has borrowed from the sacred writings:—" to possess his *vessel* in sanctification,"—1 Thess. iv. 4. MALONE.

409. —*any* other,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—any *bated.* STEEVENS.

428. *Who is thy lord?*] This, and the following speech, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

438. *The small'st opinion on my* least misuse.] The old quarto reads:

The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Which I think is better. JOHNSON.

452. —*such terms upon his* callet.] This word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love:*

" C, for calet, for of, we have O,
" L, for leude, D, for demeanure," &c.

PERCY.

I meet this word in *The Translation of Ariosto*, 1591:

" And thus this old ill-favour'd spitefull *callet*"—

Harrington, in a note on that line, says that " *callet* is a nick-name used to a woman," and that " in Irish it signifies a *witch.*" MALONE.

473. —*notorious*—] For *gross*, not in its proper meaning for *known.* JOHNSON.

474.

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474. —*such* companions] *Companion*, in the time of Shakspere was used as a word of contempt in the same sense as *fellow* is at this day. MALONE.

478. *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. JOHNSON.

480. —*the seamy side without:*] That is, *inside out.* JOHNSON.

This idea has already occurred. Iago speaks of Roderigo as of one,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward. STEEVENS.

486. *Here I kneel,* &c.] The first quarto omits the rest of this speech. STEEVENS.

488. *Either in discourse,* or *thought,*] The folio reads—discourse *of* thought—and perhaps rightly. See Milton, *P. L.* b. v. l. 488. STEEVENS.

502. —*chide with you.*] This line is from the quarto, 1622. STEEVENS.

506. *And the great messengers of Venice stay;*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

The messengers of Venice stay the meat. STEEVENS.

526. —*and acquaintance;*—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*and acquittance.* STEEVENS.

580. ——*and the night grows to* waste:] I suppose Iago means to say, that *it is near midnight.* Perhaps we ought to read *waist.* The folio reads—*wast,* as it does in the following line in *Hamlet:*

"In the dead *wast* and *middle* of the night."

So

So also, in the *Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:

"———————————ere the day

"Be spent to the *girdle*, thou shalt be free."

The words however may only mean—*the night is* wasting *apace*. MALONE.

612. —*and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,*

And did forsake her.—] We should read:

——*and he, she lov'd, forsook her,*

And she prov'd mad. WARBURTON.

I believe that *mad* only signifies *wild, frantick, uncertain.* JOHNSON.

We still call a wild girl a *mad-cap:* and in the first Part of *King Henry* VI. are mentioned:

"*Mad*, natural graces that extinguish art."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Come on, you *mad-cap*."

Again, in *Love's Labour Lost:* "Do you hear, my *mad* wenches?" STEEVENS.

617. —*I've much* ado,

But to go hang my head—] *I have much* ado to do any thing *but hang my head.* We might read:

Not *to go hang my head.*

This is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The rest seem to have been added for the sake of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours

endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it.

JOHNSON.

From *I have much to do*, to *Nay, that's not next*, was inserted after the first edition, as likewise the remaining part of the song.

626. *The poor soul*, &c.] This song, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preserved here differ somewhat from the copy discovered by the ingenious collector. JOHNSON.

626. —*sat* singing—] Thus the old copies: but the song as published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, reads—"sat *sighing*." STEEVENS.

641. *I call'd my love false love*;—] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

643. ——*you'll* couch *with more men*.] This verb is found also in *The Two noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"———O, if thou *couch*

"But one night with her——" MALONE.

647. *I have heard it said so*.] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

676. —*to the 'vantage*,] i. e. to boot, over and above.

STEEVENS.

678. *But I do think*, &c.] The remaining part of this speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

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683. —*our former having*—] Our former allowance of expence. JOHNSON.

696. —*heaven me such* uses *send,*] Such is the reading of the folio, and of the subsequent editions; but the old quarto has:

———*such* usage *send.*———

Usage is an old word for *custom*, and, I think, better than *uses*. JOHNSON.

ACT V.

Line 11. *I'VE rubb'd this young* quat *almost to the sense,*

And he grows angry.] A *quat*, in the midland counties, is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is *rubbed to sense*. Roderigo is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab*. *To rub to the sense*, is *to rub to the quick*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Devil's Law-Case*, 1623: "O young *quat!* incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Deckar's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—whether he be a *yong quat* of the first yeers revennew, or some austere and sullen-fac'd steward," &c.

Such another thought occurs in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*:

"—must

"— must have their disgraces still new *rub'd*,
"To make them smart," &c. STEEVENS.

14. —*my gain:*] The quartos read—my *game*. STEEVENS.

36. *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the folio read—"And your "*unblest fate hies.*" STEEVENS.

37. *Forth of my heart*, &c.] Thus the first quarto. The folio *reads*, "*For of:*" perhaps the true reading For *off*, &c.

But Mr. Whalley observes to me, that the reading of the quarto may be the true one. *Forth* signifies both *out* and *from*. So in *Hamlet:*

"*Forth* at your eyes your spirits wildly peep."

Again, in Jonson's *Volpone:*

"*Forth* the resolved corners of his eyes."

Mr. Henley had also made the same observation, and in proof of it produced the following passages. Richard III.

"I clothe my naked villany
"With old odd ends, stol'n *forth* of holy writ."

Again,

"Humphrey Hoare that called upon your grace,
"To breakfast once *forth* of my company.
REED.

39. —*no passage?*] No passengers? nobody going by? JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"Now in the stirring *passage* of the day."
STEEVENS.

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44. —*a heavy night*;] A *thick cloudy* night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Upon the *heavy* middle of the night."

STEEVENS.

89. *Lend me a garter*, &c.] This speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

96. *Alas! my friend, my dear* countryman!] This passage incontestably proves that Iago was meant for a *Venetian*. STEEVENS.

114. —*good* gentlemen.] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *gentlewoman*. STEEVENS.

115. —*the* ghastness,] So the folio. The quartos read, *jestures*. STEEVENS.

116. *Nay, if you stare,*] So the folio. The quartos read, *stirre*. STEEVENS.

139. —*or* fordoes *me quite*.] To *fordo*, is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v. line 374. and note. STEEVENS.

140. *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul*——

Let me not name it——] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this: "I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but *it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul*; *let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause!*" JOHNSON.

Othello,

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Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. STEEVENS.

145. *Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.*] This is the second attempt of Othello to justify what he has undertaken. First, he says, *It is the cause*; i. e. his own *cause*; now he is willing to suppose himself the preventer to succeeding mischief to others.

STEEVENS.

146. *Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!*] So it should be printed. The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, but hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites.

WARBURTON.

This has been considered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the *author himself* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a spirit to it which I fear was not intended. It seems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out* was a phrase for *to kill*. In the Maid's tragedy, Melantius says,

——'Tis

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——'Tis a justice, and a noble one,
" *To put the light out* of such base offenders."
FARMER.

Put out the light. This phrase is twice used in *Sidney's Arcadia* for killing a lady, p. 460 and 470. edition 1633.

Again, in an unpublished play, called *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, by George Chapman, licensed by Sir George Buc, October 31, 1611:

" ——O soul of cunning!
" Came that arch subtilty from thy lady's counsel,
" Or thine own sudden craft? confess to me
" How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions,
" *Or all thy light goes out.*" STEEVENS.

149. —*put out thy light,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—put out *thine.* STEEVENS.

150. *Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,*] So in *Palmerin D'Oliva*, 1588, p. 1 "——those that beheld her esteemed her for the chiefest piece of workmanshippe that ever nature framed." REED.

152. —*relumine.*] The folio reads—*relume.* The first quarto—*return:* the second quarto—*relumine.* STEEVENS.

—*thy rose,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,
" ——the *rose.*"
Again, the quarto reads,
" I'll smell *it* on the tree." STEEVENS.
The folio,
" I'll smell *thee* on the tree." STEEVENS.

160.

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160. —*This sorrow's heavenly*;] This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion.

I wish these two lines could be honestly ejected. It is the fate of Shakspere to counteract his own pathos. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both these images had he published the play himself, though in the hurry of composition he threw them both upon paper. The first seems adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile, the second from a passage in the scripture. STEEVENS.

172. *I would not kill thy soul.*] Sir *W. D'Avenant* has borrowed this thought in his *Albovine King of Lombardy*, 1629:

"I am not fraught with devil's spleen; I would
"Not hurt *thy soul.*" STEEVENS.

215. *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.*] This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer*, when *I thought to have sacrificed* thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads, *thou dost stone* thy *heart*; which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forcest me* to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy punishment should have been *a sacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

I am

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I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

227. —*hath* ta'en order *for't.*] i. e. has *taken measures.* So, in Holinshed's Reign of *King John*: "—he *took* such *order* for him, that he was despoiled of all his goods and benefices," p. 174. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

"I will *take order* for that presently."

MALONE.

229. *Had all his hairs been lives,*—] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatick performances prior to Shakspere's Othello. STEEVENS.

238. *Being done,*

There is no pause.] The first quarto omits this speech. STEEVENS.

241. *It is too late.*] After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the sacred name, thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies.

This alteration was probably made in consequence of the statute of the 3d of James I. c. 21. which lays a penalty for the profane use of the name of God, &c. in stage plays, interludes, May-games, &c.

TOLLET.

The

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The statute was necessary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (those of *Chapman* in particular) abound with the most wanton and shocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverent manner on the stage.

STEEVENS.

256. *My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:*] "Filium unicum adolescentulum habeo: ah! quid dixi habere me? imo habui, Chreme." *Ter. Heautont.* STEEVENS.

279. *O falsely, falsely murder'd!*] It cannot be supposed that a person who had been effectually *strangled* or *smothered*, could speak again; for if the power of breathing returned after the instrument of suffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place by which the conclusion of life could be brought on. But such is the peculiar fate of Desdemona, that she is supposed to be smothered, revives to acquaint us that *she smothered herself*, and then dies without any ostensible cause of death. I am of opinion that some theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello says:

Not dead! not yet quite dead!
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:——
So, so.

He then stabs her, repeating the two last words as he repeats the blow. Thus Virgil:

"——*sic, sic,* juvat ire sub umbras."

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After the repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again, with propriety, and yet very soon expire; as says Cassio of Roderigo:

——even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead.

The first resolution of Othello was to poison her; but from this measure he is dissuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to use the poinard; but, his tenderness awaking, he cannot bear to deform those beauties which he had so often approached with other sensations, and for different purposes. Therefore, says he:

——I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:

And this resolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averse to employing those means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-house direction had occasioned any absurdity in the original representation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonson in the *Alchemist*, act v. "Did'st hear a cry, said'st thou? Yes, sir, like unto a man that had been *strangled* an hour, and could not speak." STEEVENS.

298. *She turn'd to* folly, *and she was a whore.*] Goldsmith hath used the word precisely in the same sense:

When lovely woman stoops to *folly*,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away? HENLEY.

300.

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300. —*false as water.*] As water that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. JOHNSON.

315. —*that told me first*;] The folio reads, "—that told me *on her* first." STEEVENS.

319. *iteration*—] The folio reads—*iterance*. STEEVENS.

321. *Æmil.*] The first quarto omits this and the following speech. STEEVENS.

—villany *has made mocks with love!*] *Villany* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of a violent passion. JOHNSON.

334. *Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,*
As I have to be hurt.—] She means to say, *I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict.* JOHNSON.

356. —*charm your tongue.*] By this expression, *Charm your tongue*, the poet meant no more than to make Iago say, Apply some power, strong as *a charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility. So, *Henry* VI. Part III.

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue.*"

And, Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"——*charm* your skipping tongue."

Pliny informs us, that *fascete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase to *charm* a tongue might have originated. STEEVENS.

357. —*my mistress*, &c.] This line and the following six speeches in this edition, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

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387. *A thousand times committed:*—] This is a second passage which seems to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include.

JOHNSON.

That she with Cassio had the act of shame
A thousand times committed.——

And again:

'Tis not a year or two shews us a man.] I am not convinced from these passages only, that a longer space is comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include.

What Othello mentions in the first instance, might have passed still more often, before they were married, when Cassio went between them; for she, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in respect of Othello, might have done so in respect of Cassio, when there was time enough for the occurrence supposed to have happened. A jealous person will aggravate all he thinks, or speaks of; and might use a *thousand* for a much less number, only to give weight to his censure: nor would it have answered any purpose to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline*:

"——spare your arithmetick;
"Once, and a million."

The latter is a proverbial expression, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Æmilia's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience; and seems to mean

mean only, "that it is too soon to judge of a husband's "disposition; or that Desdemona must not be sur-"prised at the discovery of Othello's jealousy, for it "is not even a year or two that will display all the "failings of a man."

Mr. Tollet, however, on this occasion has produced several instances in support of Dr. Johnson's opinion; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own supposition, I shall lay them before the publick. Act iii. line 443, Othello says:

What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry:
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

On *Othello*'s wedding night he and Cassio embarked from Venice, where *Desdemona* was left under the care of *Iago*. They all meet at Cyprus; and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. *Iago* had not then infused any jealousy into *Othello*'s mind, nor did he suspect any former intimacy between *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, but only thought it "apt and of great credit that she loved him." What night then was there to intervene between *Cassio*'s kisses and *Othello*'s sleeping the next night well? *Iago* has said, "I lay with *Cassio* lately," which he could not have done, unless they had been longer at *Cyprus* than is represented in the play; nor could *Cassio* have kept away, for the space of a whole week, from *Bianca*.

STEEVENS.

1791.

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391. *It was an handkerchief,* &c.] Othello tells his wife, act iii. line 658:

——that handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give.

And here he says:

It was an handkerchief——
My father gave my mother.

This last passage has been censured as an oversight in the poet: but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

This circumstance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*—"you shall see me do *the Moor*; master, lend me your *scarf*."

STEEVENS.

I question, whether *Othello* was written early enough to be ridiculed by the *Poetaster*. There were many other *Moors* on the stage.

It is certain at least, that the passage,

"Our new heraldry is *hands*, not *hearts*."

could not be inserted before the middle of the year 1611.

FARMER.

If the allusion in the *Poetaster* (which was printed in 1601) were to *Othello*, it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written.—But the allusion in the passage quoted, is not to *Othello*, but to an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.—

In

In the *Poetaster*, Pyrgus, who says, you "shall see me do the *Moor*," proceeds in the same scene, and repeats an absurd speech of the *Moor*'s in the *Battle of Alcazar*, beginning with this line:

"Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?"

which ascertains the allusion to be to that play.

MALONE.

396. —*as the north*;] The old quarto reads,

I'll be in speaking liberal as the air.

Liberal, is free, under no controul. This quality of North-wind is mentioned in *Victoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

"And let th' *irregular* North-wind sweep her up."

Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the first part of the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the sea."

STEEVENS.

415. *Are there no stones in heaven*

But what serve for *the thunder?*——] Shakspere might mean, does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify?

"——quum fulmina torques

"Nequicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes

"Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent?" STEEVENS.

431. *And die in musick*, &c.] This, and the two former lines of the speech, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

436.

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436. —*the ice-brook's temper*;] In the first edition it is *Isebrooke's temper*. Thence corrupted to *Ice-brook's*.—*Ebro's temper*; the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world are the Catalonian fusees.

POPE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water. JOHNSON.

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salo* (now Xalon), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the *icy* quality of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper:

"Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
"Et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,
"Quam *fluctu tenui* sed inquieto
"*Armorum-Salo temperator* ambit."

Again,

"Quibus remissum corpus astringes brevi,
"*Salone*, qui ferrum *gelat*."

Again,

"Pugio, quem curvis fignat brevis orbita venis,
"Stridentem *gelidis hunc Salo* tinxit aquis."

Again, in *Justin*, l. 44. "Præcipua his quidem ferri materia, sed aqua ipsa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento

ramento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut Chalybe tingatur. Unde etiam Chalybes fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præstare dicuntur." These parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms. STEEVENS.

I incline to read,

It is a sword of Spain, 'tis *ebroes* temper.

If we suppose that the words ['tis *ebroes*] were huddled together either in transcribing or composing, thus ['tisebroes] the compositor in running it over with his eye, might (to make it sense as he thought) add a couple of letters, and divide the words thus (t*h*'isebro*k*es), which is nearly as it stands in the old quarto.

I doubt whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain. BLACKSTONE.

456. —*O ill-starr'd wench!*] This and the six preceding lines, are omitted in the first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a young woman. *Cassandra*, in Whetstone's *Promos*, &c. 1578, says of herself;

"Oh wretched *wench*, where may I first complayne?"

Again,

"Therefore, sweet *wenche*, helpe me to rue my woe."

The word is used without any dishonourable meaning in the Bible.

"And a *wench* told him," &c.

And again, by Gavin Douglas, in his version of the Æneid:

"—audetque viris concurrere *virgo*."

"This *wenſche* ſtoutlye rencounter durſt with men." STEEVENS.

470. —*towards his feet*;] To ſee if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

475. *For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.*] The ſame thought has already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—'Tis well thou'rt gone—

"If it be well to live. STEEVENS.

477. —*in the practice*—] In the *ſnare*, by the *ſtratagem*. JOHNSON.

505. —*in the interim*] The firſt copy has, *in the* nick. It was, I ſuppoſe, thought upon reviſal, that *nick* was too familiar. JOHNSON.

533. *Speak of me as I am*;—] The firſt quarto reads, *Speak of them as they are*. The preſent reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. JOHNSON.

537. ——*of one, whoſe hand,*

Like the baſe Indian *threw a pearl away*

Richer than all his tribe;—] I have reſtored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occaſioned probably by the word *tribe* juſt after: I have many reaſons to oppoſe this opinion. In the firſt place, the moſt ignorant Indian, I believe, is ſo far the reverſe of the *dung-hill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know the eſtimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn: ſo that, in that reſpect, the thought itſelf would not be juſt. Then, if our author had deſigned

to

to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical:* and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to the reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to; which is much less obvious: but has Shakspere never done this but in this single instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called MARIAM, *the Fair Queen of* JEWRY. I shall only add, that our author might write *Judian*, or *Judean* (if that should be alleged as any objection), instead of *Judæan*, with the same licence and change of accent, as, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewise taken by Spenser, of whom our author was a studious imitator.

THEOBALD.

Like the base Indian, *threw a pearl away*] The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a

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more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in Hamlet, where an ill player is described,

"—to out-herod Herod."

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples.

WARBURTON.

I cannot join with the learned criticks in conceiving this passage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in respect of *pearls*, or the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jephthah and his daughter.

Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the *meanest villany*, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it; and the crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it; as there was *spirit* at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*.

guilt. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspere, the following tale; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name.

A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him, at his return to Venice, a great number of pearls, which he offered on the 'change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shewn at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded

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persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificos, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it; but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all. Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scattered remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakspere's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen my supposition; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself in *Henry* IV. he adds, "If what I have said be not true, "I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew," *i. e.* one of the most suspected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth; and the vigilance for gain, which is described in Shylock, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story like that already quoted.

Richer

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Richer than all his tribe, seems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a set of men generally trading in them.* Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the similes of the Euxine sea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in Shakspere, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the design of this character he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed, that most of the flourishes merely ornamental were added after the first edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations sometimes forgot his original plan.

The metaphorical term of *a pearl* for *a fine woman*, may, for aught I know, be very common; but in the instances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately shew a woman to have been meant. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"HER BED IS INDIA, there SHE lies a *pearl.*
"Why SHE is a *pearl* whose price hath launch'd,"
&c.

In

In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the last edition. On this account, our present republication (and more especially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of these diversities than were ever before obtruded on the publick. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feast of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophesied, that all will unite in a wish that the selection had been made by an editor, rather than submitted to their own labour and sagacity.

To this note should be subjoined [as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them] that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky as to produce at

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at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added?

STEEVENS.

I abide by the old text, "the base *Judian*." Shakspere seems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Mariamne*:

"I had but one inestimable *Jewel*——
"Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,
"And dasht it all to pieces."————

FARMER.

Mr. Theobald is often unfaithful in his account of the ancient copies. He says, he has restored *Judean* from the elder quarto; but both the quartos read—*Indian*, as does the second folio. *Judean* is found only in the folio, 1623. In the MS. of that age *n* is scarcely distinguishable from *u*, and they who are conversant with the press well know, that if by negligence a dot is omitted over *i*, a compositor always considers it as an *e*. Hence probably the mistake in the first folio. It is surely no trivial objection to the reading *Judean*, that *there is no such word*. The country is Judæa, or Judéa, and the derivative must be Judéan. For these reasons, I believe *Indian* to have been our author's word. *His tribe* perhaps does not refer either to *Judéan* or *Indian*, but to the pearl: *A pearl richer than* the whole class of pearls. *His* for *its* is common in our author.

Whether we understand pearl in its primitive or figurative sense, I strongly incline to read *Indian*, because, I think, the pearl would naturally bring the

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people of the East to Shakspere's mind; the connexion in his time being considered so strong, that a contemporary author has distinguished the inhabitants of *India* by an epithet founded on the circumstance of their abounding in pearls:

" ——where the bright sun with his neighbour beams
" Doth early light the *pearled Indians*."

Cornelia, a tragedy by T. Kyd, 1594.

MALONE.

544. *Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk*] I am told that it is immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity. ANON.

551. *Killing myself to die upon a kiss.*] So, in the Second Part of Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

" Yet let me kiss my lord before I dye,
" And let me dye with kissing of my lord."

STEEVENS.

554. *O Spartan dog!*] The dogs of Spartia race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind. HANMER.

They are again mentioned in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
" With *hounds of Sparta*." HENLEY.

560. ——*To you, lord governor,*
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;] Rymer, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor strength of judgment to make a critick,

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critick, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakspere*, had yet just enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticism on the *Poets of the last age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, transcribed from the French commentators on *Aristotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and insolence. Almost the only remark on Shakspere, which, I think, deserves an answer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus censures. *To entertain the audience* (says he) *with something new and surprising, against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false, ungrateful rascal, instead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousands of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of sense, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Aristotle*, that each character should have manners convenient to the age, sex, and condition.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores, &c.

says Horace. But how has our critick applied it? According to this rule it is confessed, that a soldier should be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatick character But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only soldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been transgressed, and Rymer's censure well founded: for then this *eternal villain* must have given the character of the soldiery; which had been unjust and unnatural. But if a *number* of the same order be represented,

presented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this according to nature and common sense. Now in this play there are many of the order of the soldiery; and all, excepting Iago, represented as open, generous, and brave. From *these* the soldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it: unless it be unnatural to suppose there could be an exception; or that a villain ever insinuated himself into that corps. And thus Shakspere stands clear of this impertinent criticism.

WARBURTON.

561. —*the* censure] *i. e.* the sentence. STEEVENS.

THE END.

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